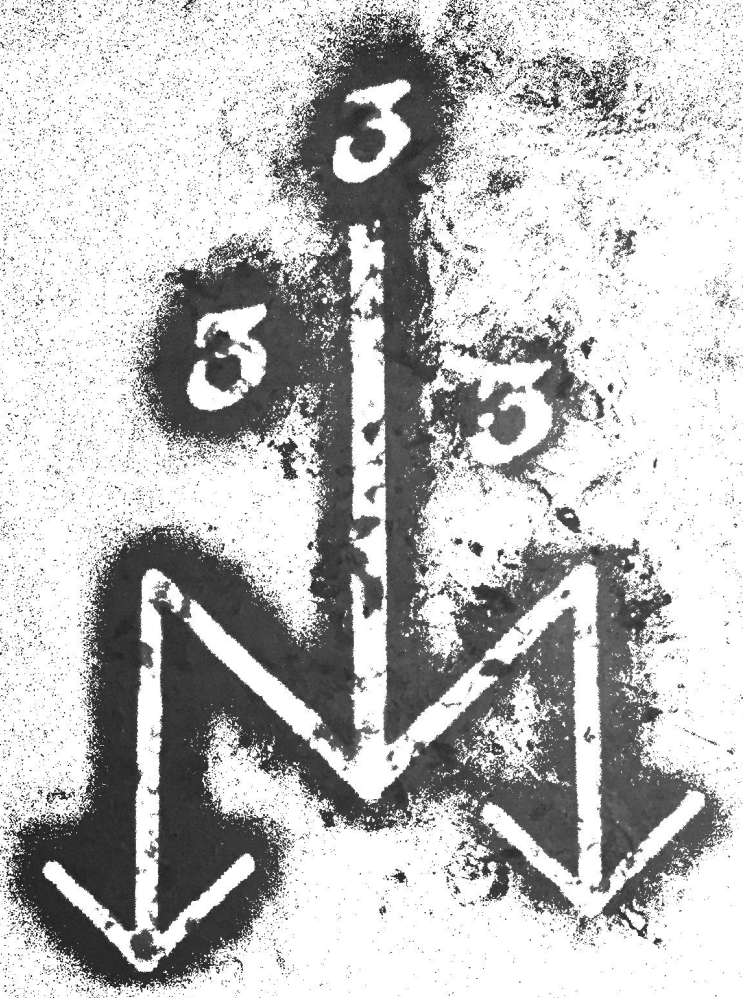

LIBER 333

Templ ov Blood

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DEDICATION
For the Lord of Vultures

जयन्ती मङ्गला क़ाली भद्रकाली कपालनी ।

Jayantii Manggalaa Kaalii Bhadrakaalii Kapaalinii ।

Salutations to the Ever-Victorious and Ever-Auspicious Devi Kali, Salutations to Devi Bhadrakali Who Wear a Garland of Skulls ।

दुर्गा शिवा क्षमा धात्री स्वाहा स्वधा नमोऽस्तु ते

॥२॥

Durgaa Shivaa Kssamaa Dhaatrii Svaahaa Svadhaa Namostu Te ॥

Salutations to Devi Durga, the Ever-Auspicious One, and One with Shiva, Who is the embodiment of Forbearance and Supporter of All Beings; Who is Swaha and Swadha; Salutations to You. ॥

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INTRODUCTION

SECRET HISTORY OF THE TOB

There are few groups in recent times associated with that milieu known as the Sinister that can boast the rather harrowing reputation possessed by the Tempel ov Blood, often referred to by its iconic and highly recognizable (that is, in certain circles) initials – TOB.

In various alleged exposes and discussions among those involved with the Sinister occult, the TOB has been accused of engaging in a cross-section of subversive, system disruption and illegal activities, perhaps best encapsulated in brief by the assertion on a public discussion forum concerning Satanism that 'The Tempel ov Blood in NC for instance, Does hurt people, and acts as a cult that exacts punishing regimes and brain-washing programs, humiliation and torture.'

An inside look at the organization, which is mostly impossible for those outside it and with the details often being obscured – purposefully – for those who are on the inside, yet peripherally so, shows that this reputation is perhaps not far off the mark.

While the allegations of engaging in brain-washing programs seems on its face to be highly suspect in nature, those with a perceptive eye and investigative bent will note certain footprints in the sand that indicate that such activities are, in fact, or at least have, in the past, been executed. One story, verified by the organization itself, concerns itself with an émigré from the Russian Federation with a fanatic and often self-destructive obsession with the occult and right-wing

politics, who, not long after a period of time involving intensive, private training with the organization, went on to distinguish himself by biting an eight-year old child multiple times leaving thirteen notable marks which led to criminal charges.

Allegedly this particular TOB trainee was, during his tenure of direct face-to-face training with organizational personnel, involved in infiltration operations involving several political extremist groups at opposite ends of the left-right spectrum including being an on-the-ground operative involving double-agent type maneuvering as well as apparently also being subjected to trauma-induced programming and psychological techniques at the hand of a Blood Mistress of the organization.

In other cases, the TOB has been linked to deportations, incarcerations, violent criminal activity and verifiable news-based, legitimate journalistic endeavour shows (though without naming the TOB specifically) that a sophisticated network based primarily around manipulative techniques and deep-cover infiltration of political and religious groups with a potential for violence as well, in the case of the example cited earlier, manipulative techniques – involving professional-style programming methods – that have led to harm against innocent parties.

The manuscripts contained in this volume present the bulk of writings from the TOB since its founding in 2003 until the present, thus, this book represents an entire decade of the compiled writings of the TOB presented on this, the ten-year anniversary of the organization. Unlike other attempts at presenting a compilation of TOB material in various bootleg

and often haphazard deliveries outside of the auspices of the organization, this book for the first time ever presents a definitively authorized volume, completely revised and edited under professional auspices and manifest to the public with the full concurrence of the TOB itself.

R. Merrick
August 28th, 2013

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PROLOGUE

CREEPING DEATH

'AGIOS O GAUBNI!'

With a low-uttered, sibilating hiss, the Mistress of Earth sent her long and jagged knife careening wildly into the bound body of her chosen opfer, a young man of Middle-Eastern descent who had been brought, via the process of 'extraordinary rendition', complimentary airfare courtesy of her own government, to a clandestine U.S. base deep within the Syrian mountains.

Although geopolitical journalism hinted at covertly sponsored U.S. activities meant to topple the regime, in reality the Syrian government had long been host to myriad clandestine operations in collusion with the United States. Namely in this regard, acting as the repository for various secret 'black sites' that were utilized for the sort of confinement and interrogation processes that would not be allowed under the Geneva Convention or areas titularly engaged in lip-service to U.S. legal statutes. Such processes became much less of a problem when enacted in specific geographic areas, such as Syria, which were so historically ensconced in human-rights abuses and of questionable public alliance with the U.S. Government that they lay in an effective nether-region in the standard intelligence sense, being very far indeed from the prying eyes of U.N. inspectors and individual N.G.O.'s engaged in monitoring human rights abuses.

Having been heavily sedated with barbiturates, administered by a psychiatrist earlier that evening who was an attaché to CIA involvement in enemy combatant interrogation on base, the seemingly frenzied, yet, in execution, well-aimed knife blow elicited only the sound of internal gases escaping the now dead figure and a soft sigh, muted by the mouth gag in place. Satisfied with her work, the Mistress of Earth sawed through one of the manufactured cloth-belts that had held the only recently living man's hands to his cot, freeing an arm and placing a jagged piece of metal in his hand, said object which she had recently pried from the bedframe.

Straightening herself, the female, now accomplished in a direct murder on behalf of her prince, secreted the bloody blade of her makeshift ceremonial knife into a plastic Ziploc bag within

her courier satchel before leaving the cell. The sounds of multitudes of Arab detainees screaming in agony, coupled with the audial distortion of the clanging of chains by M.P.'s going about their business and aircraft repairs in the hangar-like building effectively muffled any perceivable sounds of her exit. Before long the key which she had utilized to access the cell had been replaced on the administrative key-ring held at the guard station, the staff of which were presently engaged in a late-night poker game which would, with the help of copious amounts of Jack Daniel's that she had surreptitiously provided via the facility's quartermaster, continue on late into the evening, many hours before a routine check of the cell in which she had been would occur.

Proceeding through the cavernous corridors of the converted hangar she nodded in amicable camaraderie to the various U.S. military personnel who had become her friends and companions over the last several months, each one appropriately garbed in the desert-camouflage vestments peculiar to their specific U.S. Armed Forces branch. As she emerged into the main reception and discharge area she spotted several civilian-clothed individuals engaged in deep discussion among themselves, all of whom emitted a peculiar aura distinct from their battle-fatigued co-operators and which were invariably present on the pretense of assignment by the U.S. Secretary of State.

Smiling broadly at an M.P. who sleepily maintained the outside exit, the M.P. responded in kind in a gesture of facial kindness before stepping aside, unbolting the six-inch thick steel door and allowing the Mistress of Earth into the outside area. Once beyond the doors of the facility, the fell winds of a dark

autumn night assailed her senses, filled seemingly with the whispering voices of thousands of native hideous spirits who, like vultures, circled the area of death and grim work that had been enacted at the site for over a year now, eager in their blood-lust for more and further machinations courtesy of their foreign guests. The area, which had once been only a lost wilderness amongst lost wilderness, travelled by only the most sturdy of Bedouins, had been transformed into a theatre of torture, terror and death by a force very foreign to the area – a force which held within its very fabric the only hope of a real and legitimate Galactic Imperium.

Proceeding beyond the harsh ever-present glow of the security lights, not unlike those installed in the football stadiums of her homeland, the Mistress of Earth proceeded to the very edge of the security perimeter which bore the darkened shadows in residual quantity of the pitch-black desert mountains in which the secret base resided. With a deft motion of her serpent-like hands the Mistress of Earth removed the ritual knife from her satchel, wrapping it inside a large cut of U.S.D.A. beef also held inside another plastic bag, securing the meat to the blade with a plastic zip-tie used for enemy combatant transport. She tightly wrapped the two plastic bags which had held the knife and the meat respectively into a cylinder-like bundle and inserted these into the crevice between the meat and the knife before throwing the object with a well-practiced motion over the concertina-wired perimeter fence and into the darkness beyond.

Removing a fresh pack of Marlboro Reds from her satchel, several cartons of which had been exchanged between her and the quartermaster in reciprocation for the Jack Daniel's she had

provided courtesy of a diplomatic carry-on by one of her recently arrived associates, she proceeded to slap the pack against her palm before unwrapping the pack and removing a single cigarette, lighting and smoking as she waited in the partial darkness. Before long, as if on cue, the sounds of snarling jackals could be heard reverberating off the desert hillsides, drawn by the smell of blood. The sound of the pack fighting over the recently proffered morsel moved over her in a wave until the sound of choking and strangulation could be heard, as the primary among their pack bit into the ragged edge of the blade which had been hidden within. Within an hour or so the corpse of the unfortunate jackal would be mostly consumed by the members of its former pack and within a day only bones would remain, having been picked clean by the vultures and other birds of prey which circled the skies, ever hungry, ever keen to cleanse the refuse of the desert as so generously arranged by their North American friend. The Mistress of Earth took one last drag from her cigarette as the sounds of the dying jackal transformed into the sounds of fratricidal cannibalization among the pack. She field-stripped the remainder, placing the spent filter in her right hip-pocket. Her steely gaze swept one last time across the black expanse of desert, filled with the churning, satanic seeds of Imperium. She turned and with steady gait marched back to the base; there was yet more work to be done.

'The Lord of Abominations is GAUBNI of the South Winds, whose face is a mass of entrails of the animals and men. His breath is the stench of dung, and no incense can banish the odor from where GAUBNI has been. GAUBNI is the Dark Angel of all that is excreted, and of all that sours. And as all things come to the time when they will decay, so also GAUBNI

is the Lord of the Future of all that goes upon the earth, and any man's future years may be seen by gazing into the very face of this Angel, taking care not to breathe the horrid perfume that is the odor of death.'

Tempel ov Blood, 2012.
Originally published as an exclusive for Nightmover.
www.nightmover.tumblr.com

BOOK I
NOCTULIAN COMMUNION

THE FOCUS AND DIRECTION OF THE TEMPEL OV BLOOD

For those so inclined to work with the Tempel ov Blood (after proving their Noctulian potential), our main aims are threefold:

First, we wish to hold as our highest priority the creation of the New Being. The realization of the meaning of the human's life is this – humans are nothing in themselves, they are great however once they have decided to become a bridge to the New Being variously described and symbolized by Homo Galactica, Ubermensch, Noctulians, Vampires, and the various titles given to Alien beings in such mythologies. ANY and ALL humans who fail to embrace this evolutionary urge will serve as food and a resource to be used by the New Being – as a human would a lesser animal. Thus is our philosophy and way of being a terror to the Magian. So much sweeter will their Blood Essence be to consume...

Second, the infiltration and manipulation of organizations and forms with Sinister potential. Aryanism, particularly the more religiously fanatical forms of it, such as Christian Identity, are a good example. The manipulating Noctulian is to use these forms for their own Presencing of the Dark, as well as changing in subtle ways the followers of such forms toward following a more Sinister direction. For example, in Christian Identity, using knowledge of the Biblical doctrines and prophecies, encourage war, hardship, and system disruption, utilizing the scriptures as guidance and proof of the message you are sending to adherents of the said form. Any form with a transhuman, system disruption, or satanic direction to it may

be of use here. The key is finding a form that in itself is an aid to the Dialectic and empowering it further, causing a saturation of Acausal Energy.

Third, disruption of Magian organizations. Whether overtly occult forms, such as Judeo-Christian churches, Wicca covens, pseudo-satanic temples, or more physical 'down to earth' forms such as Magian political groups and government. These need to be infiltrated and disrupted via both magical means (the ways of which are detailed in mss. not available to the public) as well as in more physical and practical ways.

The Tempel itself is but a means for the Noctulian Empire to provide a harsh alchemical change process to those who seek it, allowing them to aid the Dialectic on their own with the knowledge and skills attained during the transformation. Those few who go on to become Noctulians will join with us in our Harvest and pass through the Jihad as One of Them that will reign immortal in the Dark Land.

'Come as a reaper, for thus you will sow.' – Black Book of Satan

- Lord Karnac 114YF Era Horrificus

CHORONZON – A VAMPIRIC ANALYSIS

Let us take a moment and consider the fundamentals of CHORONZON. What or who is Choronzon?

CHORONZON is the hungry Demon of the gate to the Abyss (Sitra Ahra) according to qliphotic systems. He is the final stepping stone before entering the hidden sphere of Daath.

The Demon is like the Red Guard standing before the iron gateway to the Abyss; He is red in color because he is soaked and stained from the blood of failed neonates of the past and present which have been reduced to piles of flesh and drained of that crimson nectar.

He has 333 arms, all of which hold an overly large razor sharp blade. Some may think of Him as their ultimate worst NIGHTMARE where as others will find ecstasy in his vile incarnation. One must pass through the hideous meat grinder that is CHORONZON if they wish to tread the bleak and backwards waters of the Abyss. Under this dim light, Choronzon may be the guiding Demon of trespass whose inflicting tendrils act as a stripping effect of the false ego leading to Godhead or, he may be the rabid alienic wolf extending his cold hand only to break yours, inflicting unparalleled punishments and rendering your being shattered and paralyzed. Those who come to the Demon whole-heatedly seeking the embrace of the Abyss will encounter themselves passing through to the other side, finding a Black Paradise awaiting them, among THEM. Those who seek the Demon half-heatedly however will instead find themselves shredded

into 333 pieces with no one to step in and save them. It will then be their responsibility to attempt to rekindle themselves and regain some sense of meaning or worth for their pathetic excuse of a life. As a result of this tearing apart of the soul, they may experience a psychological break lasting for an indefinite amount of time, they may find themselves running the complete other direction back into the hands of the Magian influence and ultimately enslavement, or they may find themselves dead on arrival. When someone pushes their spiritual, psychological, emotional and moral limits to such an extent as is needed to trespass/ side step into the abyss, they will find themselves in one of the aforementioned groups, SLAVE or MASTER.

What will you be?

To increase Darkness limits must be pushed and smashed.

Nightmare Tyrant
Black Lodge Discipline Center
120 yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

THE COMING OF VINDEX

Introduction:

At the time of this writing, that being, the sinister year 114yf (Year of the Fuhrer) eh (Era Horrificus) and known in the Roman calendar by 2003 Anno Domini, the civilization of the West is declining at a rapid rate. This Aeon is coming to a close via natural cause, however, the fall is being agitated and the aeonic forces distorted by the Magian forces who are embodied in the term 'the white lodge' (versus the 'black lodge' of Sinister Adepts, Masters and Lady Masters, and Grand Masters). Being knowledgeable that the energies of the West are on the wane, the Magians have sought to capitalize on the situation (as is not uncommon) by distorting the Western energies and also by executing and influx of energies congruent to their own purposes.

The results of the Magian influence can be seen the world over, very prominent in Western Europe and pre-eminent in America and Canada especially. As sites such as Stonehenge and Babylon were esoteric strongholds for particular groups of magickians working towards specific aeonic goals in times of yore we now see places such as New York City, Los Angeles and London being utilized by primarily Magian forces who are working for their own very specific aeonic outcomes.

Logically, such Magian strongholds are being and have been targeted both esoterically and exoterically by individuals and groups which are at odds with the Magian program. Some of these individuals and groups, such as Muslim extremists, are

under the influence of an older, stagnant ethos which is threatened by the Magian powers and also is in sum, antithetical to the kind of program the White Lodge seeks to see realized. The variety of cultural minorities and specific aeonic cults that wish to see the downfall of the White Lodge and the Magian plans thwarted are many. Not all of them (and to be truthful, most of them do not) work towards aims themselves which could be viewed as in similitude with what is being sought by the various Sinister groups spread across the globe. However, by seeking the breakdown of the infrastructures associated with Magian power they are being quintessentially defiant and aiding in the dismantling of certain institutions which impede a proper Imperium followed by a Galactic Aeon of sorts which has been premeditated by groups such as the Order of Nine Angles out of Shropshire, England.

Certain of these groups formations, especially those that are native to the West (a European example would be National Socialism, and American example would be the state's rights movements and the neo-secessionists) possess in themselves factors which are benevolent towards the Sinister strategy of a real, physical manifestation of Vindex – am event which will be a prelude to Imperium and a new Aeon which would flow from the (then) past Western Aeon. Such factions should be targeted and manipulated by Sinister Adepts as well as aided and subtly subverted towards Sinister purpose by Sinister Path Initiate. Even those groups which are not possessing pro-Sinister qualities but are at war with Magian forces should be aided in a way that they will hasten the downfall of the White Lodge, effectively being used by those of the Sinister Path as a sort of 'exoteric battering ram' against institutions that impede the Aeonic outcomes which we seek. After goals relating to

their use have been completed, such groupings can be termed expendable and dismantled or properly subverted towards any number of programs according to the acting will of the Sinister Path adherent so involved.

The 'coming of Vindex' which is described by Grand Master Anton Long of the Order of Nine Angles as the arrival of a 'person of destiny' who will possess the needed skills and abilities to mount a considerable offensive against forces that are detrimental to the Sinister Dialectic and rally forces which will invoke future, Sinister energies is not an uncommon theme. Such is virtually the same as the 'arrival of the warrior Christ' in Aryanism influenced Christian cults (He comes, his vesture dripped in blood with a sword in hand, riding upon a white horse, flanked by celestial starships to cleanse the earth planet of anti-evolutionary Jewish forces and their willing lackeys) or the 'incarnation of Kalki' as told in the Vedic myths (a warrior figure, similar to the above mentioned 'warrior Christ'). Such archetypes can be manipulated within their respective cults in order to, more and more, make attributes of their archetype equal to that of Vindex.

Likewise, a Vindex-type figure within the primitive sub-cultural Devil Worship cults can be seen in the figure of 'the Antichrist'. This 'Antichrist is the leader of darkness, a man of destiny, who is born into a physical body and rises to power in order to utterly wipe out the forces of Christianity and (Magian) Messianic hopes – establishing a new Satanic Order upon the earth planet. In that sense, both 'Christ' and 'the Antichrist' are forms which can be manipulated by Sinister adherents to anticipate the arrival of Vindex.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

DISCIPLINE OF THE GODS

THE SATANIC MONKHOOD

History is made and the destiny of civilizations is decided by hard men. Hard men are only bred via hard experience. All that is caustic, severe, harsh and cruel compromises the territory in which the vampiric/satanic/ demonic aspirant must traverse and master. The horribly mangled whited sepulcher known as 'modern thought' and 'current theology' safely sidesteps with care that which truly merits the title of sinister.

False so-called 'Satanism' of the LaVeyan and Setian veins see the archetype of Satan as pure and unbridled hedonism – a domesticated consumer and seeker of pleasure and so-called 'hidden knowledge', nothing more.

The stark facts remain: Too much indulgence breeds individuals who are soft, fussy and generally classified as dross of the human population by Sinister standards. The idea of Satan/Satanism being nothing more than pursuit of pleasure, a proud hedonist which functions within the safe legal confines of Western society, is false. What is more, it is an insult to the very idea of Satan and Black Magick. The concept of Satanism as promulgated by the Church of Satan is, in itself, part of the overall Magian deception. It is a disinformation front operated by the White Lodge to obfuscate the true and startlingly dark and evil nature of the Sinister itself.

If we look closely, we will see that the modern 'Judeo-Christians' are closely linked with the disease of spiritual enervation which afflicts the false Satanists, the poseurs. The

White Lodge of the Magians wishes to crush out all that is dark and possessing the promethean gleam of progress and evolution. They wish to turn the wilderness into sub-divided land for shopping malls and quaint suburban dwellings. They deny the true and holy emotions of Predation, Revenge, Discipline, Honor, Glory, Sorrow and Sacrifice. They do, and encourage others to do likewise, to live and promulgate a version of reality which is nothing more than a Jewish fantasy.

The Satanic/Vampiric/Demonic Neonates, Initiates, Adepts and Masters of the Tempel ov Blood are, in essence, shock troops of the Apocalypse. Entities and intelligences who do or are working towards embodying the acasual forces of the Aeon-to-come. As such, they are disruptive by nature to the current society which nears the 'Day of Wrath' spoken of in our holy chants (see '*Dies Irae, Dies Illa*'). True Satanists and vampiric entities (bred through ordeals and the alchemical change processes of our Sinister Path) are essentially embodiments of chaos and evil. They in themselves are literal nexions, portals to the powers and energies of the new, Galactic Aeon which looms upon the horizon. They possess a certain awareness. They cut through the disinformation, propaganda and thralldom to fantasy that runs rampant in Magian-influenced society and are, in essence, the only true realists.

Satan is the archetype of the untamed wilderness. His is the skies. His is the earth. He is no stranger to intrigue, espionage, genocide, violence and nuclear war. He is the possessor of secrets. He is the guardian of the occult. He is the master of Awe and Derision. Satan – whose word is CHAOS.

Satan is what we strive to become, literally, in real life. Not a person who only assumes the tint of 'Sinister' within the safety of a ritual setting but rather a literal walking demon of darkness. An undead, uncool and uncaring clan of deathsmen. A hard man, bred via hard experience.

The dangerous terrains of what we of the Tempel term as vampiric only serve to explicate that new sort of intelligence, that entity which is alien and very disruptive to modern society, which neonates of the Tempel ov Blood seek to become. Erase all images of the emasculated 'romantic' version of the vampiric that is promoted via media and most films. This usually has nothing at all to do with the physical reality of vampiric intelligences, who exist embodied in the physical and disembodied in the astral. The nature of the vampiric is extensively catalogued as 'folklore' all across the earth planet and has been recorded for thousands upon thousands of years. The preconceived Magian/Nazarene ideals and falsehoods which are ingrained via neurological imprinting since childhood must be erased from the mind of the Neonate if he or she wishes to reach into the Backwards Darkness and BECOME something which is more than human.

All old and outmoded forms of the body and psyche must be discarded. The spirits of the Undead Gods must inhabit a new vessel which has been cleansed in the holy fires of ordeal, trial and hardship.

Old and unproductive neurological imprints may only be erased through exploring the shadow-self of the world and one's own psyche and body. Exploring and learning to use the dark, hard world as one's arena of operations. The earth itself

(*'tui sunt caeli, tua est terra...*) is the working arena of the Holy and Immaculate Satanists and Vampires of the TEMPEL OV BLOOD. Via the Tempel, you will, if you are part of said temple, be aided in the eradication of chaff from your being. You yourself must be willing to step into the caustic and sinister black flames of change.

This change will be enacted (amongst other methods) via SHOCK, TRIAL, ORDEALS AND TORTURE OF THE MIND AND BODY AND SOUL. You must effectively die to the self and the ego of which you now consist to step into the glorious undeath which you seek. You must feel and experience firsthand the glory of horror and the purity of pain. Transformation must be enacted if you wish to reach into the higher stages of BREAKTHROUGH and beyond...

As is stated by Adolf Hitler (an individual whom should be carefully studied by all who wish to enter into what is known as the Sinister) concerning youth: He desired the youth of his day to be an IRON YOUTH – hard as Krupp steel and within their eyes, very visible, the cold hard stare of a beast of prey. We must become as such.

We must not set low expectations for our progress. We must embrace 'Joy through Discipline' and strive towards the triumph of the Will. We must become familiar with brutal force and overcoming obstacles. Not merely overcoming obstacles, but decimating them entirely.

Seek not to become the next deluded occultist, but seek instead to become the next Dictator, the next black wizard who shall ascend the pyramid of skulls via the piercing and destruction

of many, many minds. You shall become as we state. Our black hands of undeath are upon you now even as you read these words. You shall become that predator, that sinister beast of prey.

Our history and the vampiric lineage of the Tempel ov Blood shows us that we are to be harsh. We are those who are at one with the 'Day of Wrath'. We walk amongst the stale and ghastly atmospheres and rotted flesh of the tombs and cremation grounds. Swarms of rats carrying the Black Plague are included in our astral entourage. Genocide is our pleasure, and pestilence is our portion. We walk neither in life nor in death, but rather, in the undeath of entities which have transcended humanity altogether.

The truth of undeath and understanding of what it means by being in a state of 'undead-ness' will only be revealed via your own effort, which must prove to your temple and yourself if you are possessed of the fanatical will that is necessary to step into a higher plane of psychic, astral, intellectual, emotional and physical evolution. You must break yourself as you are now if you wish to create and re-create yourself.

Discipline, privation and hardship must be imposed for the deadly and sinister vampiric entity to blossom forth from your particular shell of potential. You yourself must not simply fantasize about the dark nature of the vampiric, you must live it – in the physical realm. To actually perform Sinister Chant while sitting upon a corpse in the crematory grounds. To live as a walking corpse, eating no physical sustenance, living upon the dark rays of the moon deep within the forbidden and wild

hinterlands. To manipulate and use force for the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic.

In this manuscript we will be exploring the nature of privation, discipline and pain pursuant to the pathworkings of those who wish to become and enter the state of monkhood of vampiric and satanic power.

Many of the advanced practices that accompany what shall be explicated within are kept secret only to be revealed to you via oral tradition by legitimate representatives of the Tempel ov Blood. This manuscript itself we wish not to keep secret – whomever hands it falls into, it shall aid in Presencing of the Dark and become grist for the mill of progress which shall usher in the coming Noctulian Empire.

The methods within are hard, but such is necessary to become an acolyte of real darkness and real evil. To become a courtesan of the Prince, the Master of Awe and Derision – whose name is Satan, and whose word is CHAOS.

'Build not upon sand but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.'
'And yours is the kingdom, for Aeons and aeons...'
'Seek happiness in victory – but never in peace.'
(From the '21 Satanic Statements of the Order of Nine Angles')

Far and large, the concept known as 'peace' is and will remain an ephemeral and illusory concept. 'Peace' is something that people seek – but yet it continues to elude them. From every angle that sinister obscurer destroys illusion and brings reality (if only for a little while) into focus. That destroyer of illusion is

known in layman's terms as chaos. The White Lodge via the doctrines of the Nazarene sing their songs of praise to a 'Prince of Peace' – yet even in their own scriptures their deity states that during the turning of the age people will cry for peace, peace when in fact, there is no peace! As the prey spends time building the psychological house of cards that help them make it through the day (or years) and continue to ignore what is reality, chaos will intervene and destroy their illusions – pulling the proverbial rug out from under their feet. Rather than learning from such experiences, the herd quickly recoups and catches hold onto another illusion to keep them on an 'even keel' – to keep order in and to keep chaos out.

What most do not understand is that strife, conflict and War (the latter being one of the most infamous no-no's of modern society, or so they say!) are essential – they are necessary for progress. They breed character. And, large scale conflicts (such as a world war for instance) further serves to clean out the dross, the weak, from the population as well as building individuals (the conquering warriors and all so intimately involved) into forces which shall need to be reckoned with in the future. Many pivotal figures of the last hundred years have been frontline fighters. An example from America would be Timothy MacVeigh. A prime example of a frontline soldier going on to enact Aeonic change would be Adolph Hitler.

When most people say they want 'peace', what they really want is to live life in a fashion where they are able to exist (note that I said exist, not live) in such a fashion that reality will not intrude. Such is an attitude which has come into vogue largely via the brain manipulation of the Nazarene ethos. What is unpleasant is evil and therefore should be avoided. This sort of

attitude, combined with the soft consumerist vision of modern society – serves to breed an entire generation of weaklings.

Certain people term 'peace' as the freedom to live alone, without the bother intrusions from society or an overbearing government. This is something entirely different. Rather than 'peace' this should be termed as 'freedom' – for in the Imperium stage which we now inhabit, finding the aforementioned solitude and self-government is something which has to be struggled for – war must be employed to achieve freedom of that sort.

The White Loge wishes you to become a person who is lassitudinous and bereft of action. In a sense, they seek a populace of soft and pliable human vegetables. The society being the vegetable garden into which you must assimilate yourself. If you do not assimilate, then you must face the consequences (persecution, social ostracism, prison or in some extreme cases, death). Another acceptable human type which is mass produced by the Magians is the caricature busy-body. This person (the busy-body) chases after illusory causes, enwrap themselves in meaningless intrigue of a noxious and irrelevant sort (i.e. can you believe who movie star 'X' married? How about that football team 'Z' beating football team 'Y'!) and dies at an old age with a full schedule of irrelevant and non-disruptive activities to engage themselves in.

People who seek 'peace' as a primary objective (or people who fallaciously use the concept of peace for their own consumerist agenda) are never the sort of people who carve out nations from wild and uninhabited continents. They are not the sort of people who compose great works of music, literature or art.

They are not the sort of people who become world leaders, or the sort who start world wars. The 'peace-niks' are the heroes of a sick, Magian-influenced society. They are embodied in such disgusting pieces of human filth such as Mother Theresa, Martin Luther King Jr., ad nauseum. True role-models, true heroes, have been relegated to the caste of ill repute who are commonly called 'war criminals'. Taking the place of the world leaders and men and women of action are the heroes of the degraded society – including such non-entities as sports stars, movie actresses, comedians, etc. For any who have studied history with a perspective, for any who have any sort of knowledge and lust for power – you will look at the world today and realize that there is something very wrong going on in the social engineering of today's society.

This Magian, Nazarene and weak programming is what the Satanists and the Aeonic Magickans who respect PROGRESS wish to combat. Every Satanic/Vampiric/Demonic practitioner of the Tempel ov Blood is essentially an ENEMY COMBATANT in the arena of the 'souls' of the masses.

Regardless of the rise and tide of the battles between that which is Sinister and that which is Magian – the Sinister always tends to hold out. Why? Because the Sinister is concerned with reality, the Sinister does not shirk from chaos – which we know is the word by which our Prince is recognized. And, as weak as the populace may become, there will always be one or two Satanic individuals who will perform what is necessary to tip the scales. Those of the Sinister path are the makers of history. And even now all across the globe – Satanic temples are operating, many in a very clandestine manner, to Presence the Dark. One of the means that this is enacted is via the opening of

portals of chaos – the creation of nexions. A nexion is a person/place/thing/concept/philosophy ad infinitum which accomplishes the purpose of becoming a gateway to the Acasual. Acasual forces (namely, the Dark Gods which are the harbingers of energies which are beneficial to the progress of mankind as a whole and therefore, disruptive to the current malaise which infests the land) enter through said nexion into the casual (our world). Such is the essence of change.

As one who holds dear the fact that we should 'Seek happiness in victory – but never in peace' you yourself will seek via the Sinister Path to become a nexion. You will become a vessel carrying certain knowledge, insight and energies which are more characteristic of the Aeon-to-come than the current dying Western Aeon. An orthodox interpretation of an individual who is a nexion would be someone who is considered POSSESSED. When you perform pathworkings to call forth the Dark Gods from the horrid angles which are compacted into the numerical matrix of nine, you will be INVOKING them rather than EVOKING them. When you INVOKE, you take that spirit/energy/what-have-you into yourself. Such an act will naturally cause pain to the ego which you have carefully built up over the years (or perhaps the ego that has been carefully built up for you by the social engineers of the White Lodge). If we think carefully on this, we can find a parallel with a vampiric explanation of a similar occurrence.

One takes the blood of an Elder (or the infused life force of the Undead Gods from beyond the gate) into oneself. This life force begins to enact the alchemical change process – and the aspirant practitioner of vampiric sorcery begins to transform, mutate and change. In the deepest stages the original astral self

(i.e. the embodying entity) will have for all effective purposes died. Died, been killed (by invading vampiric entities who wish to possess the physical body are permanently put into a stage of limbo or imprisonment on some obscure and dead alien landscape. Via the alchemical change process, the body itself (we mean here the physical) has also changed. It is no longer what it was, it is different going down into the very sub-atomic structures of such. Therefore, the body is dead. You have a walking corpse. What makes this corpse walk? The reanimation caused by the entrance of the Undead Gods. Such an individual will be seen to have become a vessel of demonic intelligences which are pro-Sinister nature and anti-Magian illusion.

Death leading to UNDEATH is a necessary state for any evolution to take place. This is true for individuals (and essential to the alchemical change process) as well as civilizations. To effectively allow the entities and infrastructures of the New Aeon to flourish, all the remains of the Old Aeon must be razed to the ground. Metamorphosis is never easy.

When seeking to become a conduit for Sinister energies – one must take on the attitude of a CONQUERER. Cursed are those that allow in themselves the creeping disease of Magian thought, existence and behavior – there is only one way to eradicate fully those insidious detractors from the evolution which you seek. That is through becoming SATANIC – becoming the adversary – possessing a Promethean/Faustian outlook and willing to go the necessary miles to become more than human. Metamorphosis is never easy. Seek happiness in victory – but never in peace.

Czar Azag-Kala
HinterInds Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

[This essay was written as a commentary upon the third Satanic Statement from the 21 Satanic Statements of Conrad Robury. The author is a Westerner being held in a third world country on erroneous charges of terrorism.]

THE WORKERS OF EVIL

At a certain point along the Noctulian path there will arise an awareness of just how cold, how void, how undead, how different one has become. It is quite appropriate with the abysmal TOB current (333) to have experienced greatly, struggled violently and involved oneself in a myriad of passions both esoteric and exoteric only to arrive at an apprehension of nothingness – of void – of inexplicable, lurking chaos.

The world of meaning subsides and one is left only with forms; and then even the forms themselves begin to seem increasingly arbitrary in nature. One can no longer develop great devotion to causal ideas and systems or to specific forms that claim to be representative of the Acausal. Such passion, as it once was, has been exhausted. Immolation seems more and more to be an apt term.

Where once desire for a myriad of experiences and wisdom could be excited at will – with the world spread out before one like a feast – now the Noctulian only resonates with those things that are associated with uncontrollable chaos, darkness, the subterranean. This resonance with darkness is a condition which while often wished for by neonates in the beginning is often regretted later.

How many times have those of the TOB heard individuals on the path curse the day that they become involved in vampirism? Suffice it to say – we have heard it many times in the past and will hear it many more times yet to come.

At this stage (post burning) – the Noctulian has separated the wheat from the chaff in the only way that one truly can: a way beset with sorrow, tragedy and the grim contemplation that stems from grim experience.

The Noctulian has lost all interest towards most stimuli which would have once elicited feelings of passion, love, revulsion, exultation, curiosity and a host of others. The taste has changed and to use the term higher taste would not necessarily be correct. For the Noctulian their rage, like their love, has become alien – and absurd. From the pain of numerous ordeals and the harsh alchemical change process an altogether foreign creature has been born.

Should the intelligent neonate wish for such a state? Should an excitable worker of evil want to become a parasitic spiritual entity, a vampire in the most forbidding sense of the term, a fleshly corpse inhabited by void?

Even so, one will encounter circumstances, persons, experiences and places along the journey which bear the unmistakable mark of THEM and if you are tough enough, if your tongue lolls with delight at the lashings of Drill Sgt. Grey, then you just might become as THEY are.

And then you can delight in your perfumed lairs and live, in elegant knowledge, of the tears, blood and life that you have spilled – and sown – along the way.

May the dead rise and smell the incense.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
2006 Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

THE NEONATE AND THE ADVERSARIAL RASA

The neonate in the TOB may learn, in time, to hate their TOB guide. The ordeals, the demands, the sacrifices that the neonate will be requested to endure, accomplish and give – and verily required, if the neonate wishes to continue to receive the dispensation of the TOB Blood Family and proceed in the aspiration of the Noctulian state – will at times provoke devotional feelings of enmity in the neonate known as the adversary rasa (the adversarial devotional past-time.) This is understandable because, like any truly elite training organization, the trainee will on some level resent the fact that their weaknesses are being exposed and that others, the trainers, are demanding that their weaknesses be culled in order to gain entrance to higher platforms of training. The more ruthless the training means, in many cases, the more vehemently will be the resentment of the trainee. This is understandable and it is expected that the neonates of the TOB may feel at times a hatred – a resentment – an enmity towards their guide, towards their association and towards the Tempel ov Blood itself.

In the Vedic epic the Srimad Bhagavatam, the demon Hiranyakasipor felt enmity towards Sri Krishna to the point where he tortured his own son (Prahlad Maharaja) because of his son's devotion to Sri Krishna and even attempted to murder Sri Krishna himself. Sri Krishna, however, in his munificent mercy as the half-man half-lion incarnation Lord Nrsimhadeva, slew Hiranyakasipor – creating a garland of his bloodied intestines after piercing his stomach and chest with his razor

sharp claws. Thus by culling Hiranyakasipor, Sri Krishna gave this demon the most privileged gift – the gift of liberation by being slain by the very hands of the Supreme Personality of Godhead.

The TOB understands this adversarial rasa and respects the neonate who understands that it is the adversarial rasa that they are experiencing. However the neonate who truly feels the pulse of the Noctulian current within his/herself will not hate their TOB guide for the training that is being offered to them and the ordeals – however ruthless they are – which are required for them to accomplish. Instead, the aspiring Noctulian will feel an overwhelming love – a cultic devotion – towards their TOB guide, towards the alchemical change process and thus towards THEM – the latter which the neonate seeks to enter the ranks of and to propitiate their dominance in the causal.

The devoted Noctulian aspirant when feeling the revulsion, the reluctance, the rejection of the alchemical change process by their remaining human elements will rejoice in the fact that they are experiencing devotion for the Inner Family through adversarial past-times. They will exult in this fact for it shows that they are developing rasas – appropriate to the circumstance – for the members of the Inner Family.

Only through developing rasas of devotion for the Inner Family will one stand the chance of entering into the Inner Family. This is because the Inner Family is based upon mutual devotion and a state of complete blood incest, assimilation and free-flowing blood essence betwixt it's members. The neonate who stands in proud, Satanic masochism to the ordeals, the

harshness, the ruthlessness of the alchemical change process will come through the unholy jihad as one of those who will dwell in the Land of the Dark Immortals. The neonate who gives in to their human pride and individualism and rejects the knowledge of the adversarial rasa as a rasa will be thrown to the hungry Noctulian wolves: quickly eaten, soon forgotten.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

NEXIONS – AN EXPLANATION

There has been much confusion in the recent as to exactly what a 'nexion' is, having many groups using this term specifically over the last few years without a correct understanding of the term, and thus perverting its meaning. This ms. will serve to clear this confusion for those blinded by the thick fog of idiocy that is so prevalent today.

A Nexion (general) is a direct link or contact line to a certain source, place or thing. This can be physical, mental or spiritual in its manifestation depending on the circumstance and context.

In context to the sinistral path however, a nexion is a tendril leading to that abysmal source of backwards darkness. A direct death-line to the hungry furnace of Hell which can be tapped into and brought forth into the causal realm.

One who has passed through the jaws of the devouring demon who is known by the numerical code of 333 will become a physical nexion *in the flesh*, having tapped in to that abysmal source of backwards darkness and thus from that point forward, radiating that same black energy like the after effects of a location which has experienced a nuclear disaster – being forever stained for the rest of their existence.

In like manner and in further referencing the example of a nuclear disaster, a physical location which has through strenuous ordeals and feverish black rites, absorbed the currents of this down flowing stream, also becomes 'stained'

transforming into a physical point of contact. In this event an up rise of disasters, criminal activity and other such 'negative motion' will begin to take place in the surrounding area as the radiation of the location reaches out and touches those around it.

In conclusion, when it is said that an individual, group or location is a nexion it means that they have become a direct link or line of contact to the supernal force of Evil – the ever hungry Darkness which is alien to this causal world. Through becoming a 'walking nexion' one becomes a DEMON IN THE FLESH thus evoking through that direct line or umbilical cord to the Abyss, the acausal energies into this world causing disruption, madness and ultimately working towards the establishment of HELL ON EARTH.

Nightmare Tyrant
Black Lodge Discipline Center
120 yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

SATANISM AND POLITICS

REVOLUTION is the core fundamental of Satanism. Satan exists to revolt and rebel against creationism and the illusion of existence to bring about Chaos, the Great Dissolution (MAHA PRALAYA). When the first light emanated from primal darkness and saw nothing but itself, it pronounced itself 'god' and created existence. Simultaneously, when the first light emanated, so did the rebellious and destructive force of Satan spring forth. In this very fine and potent example we see that the origin of Satan and his purpose – to turn the world upside down and increase Chaos until all is dissolved back to its primal origin.

What can we learn from this and how does this relate to politics?

As Satanists it is our duty to follow in the Lords footsteps, manifesting His will within this world, in this life, NOW!

Politics is the next biggest part of civilization beside religion. Having said, if we are to take part in world politics on one level or another for the benefit of our sinister aims, we should seek to associate with and/or join with a revolutionary political movement which is in hard contrast to the present government and societal superstructure, which seeks to cripple the current 'powers that be' resulting in widespread chaos, rioting and crime. These kinds of groups can be found in both the Extreme-Right and the Extreme-Left. Both groups are aimed at undermining the system for different reasons; where the far right is reaching for revolution via national ethnic cleansing in

most cases and violence against radical immigration and capitalism, the far left is seeking revolution against oppressive government forces which seek to enslave the masses via multiple machinations.

Both groups while appearing to be very opposite from each other, inherently share many similar goals. Predominantly waging war against the government and turning the system topsy-turvy. Do not be confused when we refer to the far left, we are not referring to the apathetic hippies who call themselves communists, nay. In this message we are referring to the very militant disciplined nature of both sides, as an example SS = Right as executed under Himmler and NKVD = Left as executed under Beria.

What are we hinting at? A present day secret 'police'(enter substitute name here) force styled regime which is instead of being fundamentally fueled or led by governmental powers, is fueled with pure hate and cruel intent AIMED HIGH at burning the system alive and establishing a real life HELL-ON-EARTH scenario. A regime of shock troops hell-bent on committing atrocious acts under the banner of Shugara for the glory of Satan, attaining authoritarian power through TERROR against the mundane bourgeois cattle of the international world!

...reach out and touch it.

Nightmare Tyrant
Black Lodge Discipline Center
120 yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

TODAY

We are seeing today more and more pseudo satanic groups (namely neo-ONA) popping up around the world who blaspheme the name and essence of Satan and Satanism. Denying REAL Satanic manifestation, denying the true essence of Satan, that being the ultimate OPPOSER and ENEMY of the world. Denying acts in the same of Satan, especially those of illicit and illegal nature, and instead worshipping suns and other life-affirming god forms while under the transparent guise of being esoteric or occult. This is the true blasphemy. It should be well realized by you whom are now reading this ms. that those groups who cling to 'safe Satanism' and discussion forums on artsy pseudo-intellectual revamped wishwash, from ineffective and pointless philosophies on human ethics and dancing around in endless circles of poetic disillusionment concerning the 'folk' and other such life-affirming re-run topics are nothing more than a temporary stain on the bloodied path that leads to Satan's throne, soon to be CLEANSED and PURIFIED.

Nightmare Tyrant
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120 yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

SONG OF SATAN

'They' are coming from the black depths of deep space 'They' have been awaiting the time for Aeons and Aeons The gates of Saturn, the black spaces of deathly silence. And in that day comfort shall be destroyed for the weak. And in that day the Noctulians shall reign in blood which shall be split in the streets up the level of the horses bridle. And it will be a blessing for all.

Oh Immaculate Tempel of Blood – thou hast paved the way for the opening of the gates to the Abysmal black Oh Secret Rites of Satan, how your slaves pour out themselves in sacrificial suicide for the manifestation of thy erotic principalities to darken the skies with infernal smoke of hell.

Every seventeen years. Every seventeen years. The certain son being the age of eleven moons times two shall be the gift for him, the gift for them! Blood-splattered Baphomet, raise your knife above the porcelain flesh of thy male sacrifice. Four years after the turning of the millennium, thy shall receive the fertilizer which shall birth demonic spirits of power.

They tremble at the gate of Saturn awaiting release so that the needful change shall sweep the stars and terra.

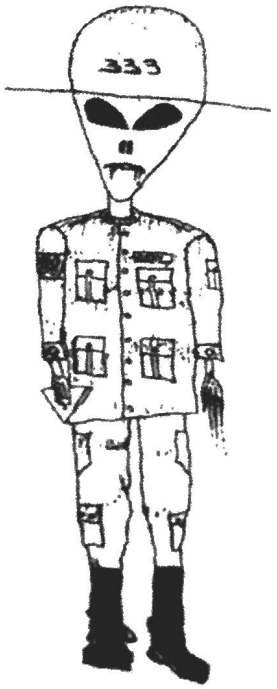
Do not speak. There is silence in the land. The silence has become the song of the Abyss – bring us forth, Sons of Night.

ALL YE SERPENTS

The fires of torment ablaze
Raging twisting winds,
The Devils gift, caustic Holocaust
Unleash now the shadows of blood
from the abyssal realms
the nightmarish pit of nothingness
The omnipotent pool of unending DARKNESS
They look over my shoulder, THEM
watching every move with eternal night eyes
It is for THEM that we open the gate
It is for THEM that we become THEM
Their presence does not, and will not go unnoticed
Though lurking in the fields of demonic harvest
We are holding the scythes and they are the blades
dripping in the blood of transformation
Listen now for their whispers
In silence they call out to us
abominable screams are their language
A world in ashes, their words manifest
All ye serpents, Hear their HISS.....

Nightmare Tyrant
Black Lodge Discipline Center
120 yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

DRILL SGT. GREY – A DISTURBING ANALYSIS
VVM



A NOCTULIAN craves *DISCIPLINE*.

DRILL SGT. GREY is the *LEADER* of the VVM (Velton Vindex Movement.) He is a grim, grey alien with large, almond-shaped eyes and a small, skeletal figure (which is in contrast to his over-sized head.) He wears a Drill Sgt. Uniform (including a large, harsh brimmed hat with the numerical code of '333' emblazoned on the front, military pants tucked into combat boots and a military battle-ready logistical jacket emblazoned with the numeric '333' and on which is pinned an insignia of the Nine Angles, a patch bearing the sigil of the TOB and upon

the collar-tab epaulets is the numbers '333' – the latter which appears on both of his thin, starved shoulders.) He wears a black armband with the large white letters sewn onto the cloth bearing the initials 'VVM'. His mouth is only a slit which never smiles. From his mouth emanates only HATE because he hates you, he wants to DISCIPLINE you, he wants to PUNISH you, he wants to push you over the brink so that you fall – like chaff – into the blaze of the ABYSS, the blaze of SUBVERSION, the blaze of the CLANDESTINE, the blaze of TORTURE, the blaze of DISCIPLINE.

He carries a wooden punishment paddle that he has drilled with holes, many, many holes. The holes are to lessen the wind resistance when he beats you and he WILL beat you! – he will beat you like a bad little girl or a bad little boy, but he will not beat you because you have been bad, no! He will beat you because you have not been bad enough! When he bends you over and paddles your backside it is a loving discipline because he is saying to you: Do NOT be human! BE A NOCTULIAN! Although the way he phrases it may sound more like 'TOUGHEN UP YOU WIMP!' or it may even sound like the churning and grating of hideous machinery in a terrible, dark and grim factory somewhere in the astral wastelands. Did we mention he also carries a cat o' nine tails made of a hideous leather-like substance which is interspersed with spikes? You are truly a fortunate soul if Drill Sgt. Grey decides to go after you with that particularly unholy implement.

The name tag on his battle-ready logistical jacket reads 'GREY' – just in case you do not recognize him when you see him... But if you do see him you will surely recognize him, because only

the most fortunate boys and girls receive the very specific sort of dark gifts and surprises that Drill Sgt. Grey has to offer.

Every foul verbal abuse that issues forth from his mouth which swirls and rotates with the horrors or Nythra will make you more motivated. Each beating he gives you will bring you closer and closer to the ABYSS and INSANITY (like a trout swimming upstream, the abyss will make you IMMOLATE yourself in the hideous and caustic ordeal of shedding the causal.) The more miles you run and the more push-ups you do chanting '333' will help you transform from your current state into a bloated frog: bloated on the blood current of the Velton Vindex Movement and basking under the radioactive glow of atomic mushroom clouds who look down upon you with leering, spiral eyes.

DRILL SGT. GREY – A DISTURBING ANALYSIS PT. 2: ENCOUNTERS

VVM

'Dying moonlight framed upon dark walls
Throughout this black home the silence is deafening
None can hear what echoes from within
But I can hear the endless screaming
Behind the locked door.'

*

'DON'T YOU LIKE IT?'

The message came to her non-verbally via the auspices of conventional hearing, instead, entering her mind through an intrusion into her very root consciousness itself – telepathic communication which first took the sounds, inaugurally, of screaming machinery being churned into itself, harshly, insanely, but which, through some esoteric fashion, transformed itself – within her mind – to words which she could somehow understand.

'NO DADDY! MAKE IT STOP!'

Huge, thick rivulets of deep crimson, blood, elixir, dripped down the pointed chin of the alien's almond-shaped face – from a thin, slitted mouth, behind which only small, sharp and predatory fangs could be seen.

Eyes, black upon deepest black, unchanging, uncaring, unmerciful – and indeed, undead; gave no indicator, no solace, no indication of any emotion, of any mercy – of any empathy remotely related to the 'understanding' which marks the exchange between human-betwixt-human and, which in her case, had apparently become a standard now obsolete.

Atop his head was perched a curious item, a broad-brimmed felt hat, possessed of a high crown, pinched symmetrically at the four corners. On the center front of this hat was emblazoned the numerals three-three-three which appeared black, yet thick and pulsating, as if the numbers themselves had been imprinted onto the accouterment with blood, obtained via some foul, evil and torturous practice and – no doubt – culled from, perhaps, the most innocent of victims.

Seemingly pixelated images began to burst into her vision, her eyes rolling up into their sockets, images that seemed alien to her own earth planet, in quintessence, yet were possessed with strange shapes that seemed to resonate with her despite their bizarre nature – and – indeed – the trauma-laden nature of their delivery.

The alien rubbed a skeletal finger, dripping with the blood of the little girl's parents, across it's military BDU jacket, which hung relatively limp against it's emaciated, undead frame. In his other hand he held a crystal tetrahedron, drenched in blood, which pulsated with pale, disturbing light.

Embroidered upon it's right chest was the legend 'GREY' – apparently, it's surname. A strange geometric symbol, which

the little girl would, later, learn to be the insignia of a group called the Order of Nine Angles – dedicated to opening up portals to other worlds and bring in Acausal, Dark Gods, through catastrophic acts of terror and profuse bloodshed, was pinned in medallion form upon it's left.

The sound of several booming male voices, yet too deep in metre to be human at all, began to echoe out from the corners of the room, sounding a sinister chant unlike any that had been heard prior upon that earthly terra firma, each voice seeming to hold within it the inconceivable potency of every evil act, every horrific deed, every act of disruption, terror; cruelty and deceit; manipulation and inducement to insanity that she could imagine that they had done; that sinister chant could be felt upon their breath from afar, like a cold shade.

'AGIOS O BUDSTURGA!' screamed Drill Sargeant Grey.

Drill Sargeant Grey fingered the long disciplinary paddle attached to his utility belt, drilled with holes to reduce wind resistance and cause additional blistering and bruising, with no discernible emotion upon his face. Emotions has been killed, burned away – burned with the infernal fire of Satanic ordeal, Satanic trial and the uttermost limits of transgression of human laws in every moral sense.

*

'To those outside it is a simple construction of wood
But those inside know what is truly in store…
Behind the locked door.'

BOOK II

PRACTICAL VAMPIRIC ALCHEMY

THE MANIFESTATION OF SHUGARA

Agios O Shugara!

The Terror to Come…

With the preparations in already in place by those before us, it is now time for those of the TOB to let the crimson torrents of life elixir flow into this terrestrial ball of dirt. The acausal blackness must be made real now and an offering made to entice the Dark Gods to break through the Gate to our realm.

With the sweat of our efforts, and the tears and blood of those efforts drained forth from our enemies, an elixir sweet to those beyond the Abyss will come forth. The smoke and ash will clear to reveal the New Aeon!

The following will detail how the Initiate may presence the Darkness and thus become as a Gate to our Gods. This action is necessary for the success of the Final Harvest and the emergence of the New Aeon.

This work was created to provide the vampire further Gateways with which to open the Nexion leading to that acausal blackened essence which makes us what we are. Drill Sgt. Grey, Awake!

Pathworking Note – Some path workings will reach a level of intensity that will forever remain with the vampire. It is these which will cause true alchemical change.

To reach the level of awareness necessary requires proper preparation. For the nights previous to the rite, study the Godform, meditate on the sigils, and express the energy of the God/Demon in creative ways. Draw pictures, write stories, sculpt, etc. The imagination is not the acausal but is a Gateway to it. Some workings begin as an imaginative journey but end taking on a life and intensity that cannot be mistaken for one's own mind.

Azanigin Ascending

Key to vampiric attainment is Communion with AZANIGIN. The death experienced in initiation is followed by the Rain of Mercy that AZANIGIN will give to you. Only the worthy will receive Her Gift of the highest red elixir. You will come to know her as your MOTHER. It is in the infinite black of Her womb that our rebirth takes form.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

NOTES ON SINISTER CHANT

At the time of this writing, that being, the year of the Fuhrer 114 (Era Horrificus), the violent winds of war are upon the horizon. The planet Mars in its expansive galactic circuits has now reached close to the earth planet – closer than it has been in the last fifty-thousand years. Increased number of Sinister temples operating around the globe are hastening the process of constructing nexions – the gates by which there will come an influence of Sinister energies onto the casual plane. These Sinister energies and the manifestation of the Dark Gods will be presenced in many ways. Via invokation (taking the Dark Gods of the Sinister Pantheon, one or many, into the self) and evokation (achieved via practical manifesting of chaos and evil into the world) the basic fabric of reality on the earth planet is shifted. Our Sinister brothers and sisters across the globe hasten the process by which advanced human evolution shall take place. By necessity, according the amount of dross which currently burdens mother earth, this increase in evolution amongst the elite of the left-hand path will be preceded by horror and sickness and plague amongst the populace. As Mars draws closer, and as the Dark forces beyond the gates near the planet Saturn write and quake for total release from their dimensional prison, the rotted bones of the Ancient Ones shall assume new life. As even the Magians realize, the dead shall walk – there shall be a sort of 'resurrection' which will take place. Aptly put by Christos Beast in the Self-Immolation Rite: 'the hideous dead rise to strangle the living'. 'Life' as we know it will cease to exist. 'Half – Life' will permeate the slave drones of the obsolete race of 'humanity'. The Undead shall rule in

open power. All manner of Darkness shall be unleashed, and the Dawning of the Dark Age shall commence.

The correct practice of Sinister Chant aids the coming of the Dark Gods. As the chants are practiced, the words go forth to reverberate eternally amongst the ethers. It is often observed that calamity, chaos and terror erupt in and around the geographical locations where a Sinister Initiate executes their rituals and practices. At any given night that an adherent of the Sinister Path practices Sinister Chant, there may be observed (post the fact) that upon nights that practice is enacted there will be a pronounced increase in murder, chaos and catastrophe in the region in which the sorcery is so enacted.

Sinister Chant also aids in the mutation of the practitioner. Sinister Chant, practiced daily, under strenuous conditions, will aid in the shedding of one's humanity and will hasten the influx of Sinister entities which will possess the individual and then fuse (or abolish) with what could be termed the base 'personality'. Sinister Chant will NOT be effective practiced while living a soft, materialistic, harmless lifestyle. The more inherently SATANIC the life of the practitioner, the more fully will the Dark Gods respond to the chant. Focused and continual chanting will, in many cases, bring about a state which is akin to traditional termed POSSESSION. For minutes, hours or days (or longer) the practitioner may experience the reality that he or she is detached from the body – watching their own selves acting and interacting in fashions which are not native to the base individual.

During these periods of possession, the speech, intellect, body language and other identifying factors of the person will

change rapidly. Actual physical mutation (real, biological metamorphosis also known as 'shapeshifting' in European lore) is not uncommon amongst more gifted adherents of the Prince.

Each of the Sinister sigils while practicing Sinister Chant is recommended. It aids focus and we must remember that the sigils themselves are actually 'keys' to the Abysmal energies of the Dark Gods. Likewise, the chants themselves are also 'keys' to the DARK Gods. Combined, they quicken the manifestation of the energies of the coming Age of Fire – both within the world, and within the self as well. With your effort at Sinister Chant, you will aid the Sinister Dialectic and help bring about 'Solvet Saeclum in favilla'

Practice the 'Diabolus' (*Dies Irae, Dies Illa*) surrounded by the sigils of Vindex (to the left), Atazoth (in the center), and Binan Ath (to the right). Chant loudly according to the traditional tune and meter – continuously. Envision the outpouring of the breath to be likened unto the outpouring of flame from the apparatus of war, like the outpouring of black shapes from rents in the heavens (the gates have opened) in shadowy, sinister countryside. Stare absently into the sigils.

Via these practices you shall increase in knowledge and increase in your power as a Son or Daughter of Shaitin, our Dark Prince. Your aim is to become as a demon in the flesh, fully demonized, with total disregard for the edicts, utterances, conventions and morals of the slave race known as humanity.

Behold the fire…

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
114 yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

THE NIGHTMARISH LANDSCAPES OF THE UNDEAD

In undertaking the walk upon the terrifying and beautiful path that leads the aspirant out of the calm and secure world or mortality and into the nightmarish landscapes of the Undead, there are found being that serve the dual roles of guide and destroyer.

The Undead themselves guard the Palaces of the Mighty. The Undead themselves devour with fire the initiate. The Undead themselves wait to consume with ravenous appetite those that cannot through the force of their own Will, rise like a phoenix from their own ashes into a glorious and Eternal state of Undeath.

They are always waiting, just outside the gates of normal perception, breathing icy vapors into the minds of the masses and chanting mantras of creations' demise into the ears of the spiritually deaf. They are always calling, always shrieking, grinning as man falls to hear and falls into the depths of Outer Darkness.

For millennia we have waited for their return. For generations we have burned our fires and made our opfers to open a dark gateway to the region beyond the stars, to recall Them here to walk among us.

The question is no longer , 'When will they come?' for they have already returned to reclaim the earth as their sulphur kingdom. The question that remains is, when will we recognize

the embodiment of evil in our midst? When will we open our eyes to that which sweeps and moves between us? When will we take the dread step through the Brimstone Gates and leave behind all that is dead and dying? When do we plunge headlong into the mouth of abandonment and bathe with joyful malevolence in the Lake of Fire? When will we drown ourselves in the Pool of Blood and awaken in Sinister resurrection, greeted by all the hosts of Hell and the Undead Gods Themselves?

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How can we walk a path one cannot see? Behold the faces of the Undead. Commune with them daily. Cross over the boundary of the protective circle and shake hands with the physical materialization of our Darkest brothers.

Having opened the cleansed windows of perception, seat yourself facing south, your black backed mirror upon the altar. Chant thrice the Diabolus, awakening the senses to those nightmarish astral landscapes. Behold these landscapes taking form in the mirror.

Once the image has solidified, allow your vision to take you on a journey through those dark Netherlands, exploring all that could be your future domain. Let these sights flood your sense, finaly finding your home in Darkness. Then, pull away, creating a longing that will linger like a sigh that cannot be released.

Every day return to the mirror and gaze into the face of Perdition until the memory of it fills every silent space in the

day. Long for the time that you can sit and see through that window the only place that you belong. The true and undying Hinterland.

And then, move forward.

Having gained the initial visions of the landscapes of the Undead and the subsequent longing – which is the necessary desire to the cessation of all mortality – seat yourself again before the mirror. Give rise to the macabre visions with discernment. Breath in, feeling not oxygen but vaporous Blood enter your being. If needs be, drain the Blood Essence from a healthy victim immediately beforehand.

Being filled completely with Blood of the purest form, your gaze fixed on the images in the mirror, be lifted into your finer Bodies from the confines from your meaty shell. Behold with your astral eyes the mirror which is now a gateway into the realms of the Undead. Travel through the portal into the very vision itself, finding all of your senses firmly planted in this ninth dimension.

Look around you and see firsthand those sights that had only tempted your eyes through the window. Move your astral hands through the molten and smoky essence of Darkness around you. Breath in the thick airy currents of Blood and smell its assailing you.

Set your feet upon the living and riving ground and wonder the wasteland. Explore the madness that has taken form only in this nightmare abode. Become saturated with the sights and

sounds. Move with the black tides of this place. Become insane with obsession for this land.

Then pull away.

Return to the Land of the Undead daily, until finally, you feel that return to the body would destroy the spirit with longing. And then, move upwards.

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Seat yourself to the south, having before you the sigil of the Undead God to behold. Gaze into this until it unlocks; Until the lines of blood on the paper vanish and appear again in living radiance. Chant the name of that Undead One over and over, until it becomes the only sound vibrating throughout all existence. That name is the very mantra of your decent into Blood. Command with all of your Will the glowing sigil to manifest itself in the electric air before you. Open this projected image wider, until the sigil itself becomes a gateway to the throne or principality of that Dark God.

Rise from your vessel and travel through that gateway into the unholy kingdom of the One you seek. Allow that place to densify, your astral perceptions training into the unknown. Should the Undead that you seek not be made manifest immediately, call out its name, creating a link that will pull you to it.

The stark madness of the sight of these Beings may initially cause the Seeker to cower or even to retreat back into the body and its dulled senses that cannot perceive such chaos

embodied. Penance can only be made by annihilation of the weakness and a second or third journey into the lair of the serpent.

At whatever cost, conversation must be held with the Undead. The senses must be smashed to oblivion by Their presence. Their ancient knowledge must be absorbed to the point that all that remains is THEM, and you are no more when not before Their throne.

Then pull away, back into the dying body and decaying world. And then, move inwards.

Having gained communion with several Undead, and having been reduced to a shivering corpse by their magnificent Darkness, the time has come to Become.

Call out to Them, inside a circle of blood and flame. Open your vessel for Them to inhabit, to move through, to mutate into Their own. Leave no room for the Self, for all that exists is Them. Day and night, be flooded with Them, one by one.

Tear at your hair and cut at your skin as to begin to die day by day. Weep unrestrained, for soon there will be no more tears left to cry. Lay down in your grave, which is the body that denies you, until you are awakened by the piercing light of the Black Sun.

And then, Ascend.

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Call out to the Undead, within a circle of human blood, still warm and swimming with life. Open their seals and call their names until they stand before you, firmly seated in full terror upon this plane.

Take your final step into everlasting damnation, just one step outside of the circle, and embrace Our true kind, as brother embraces brother. Let Their touch infect you, until your eyes are no longer yours, and your red blood turns violet.

Only then will you know that you are the path and the Palace at the end of the Path. Only then can death not touch you nor heaven help you. Only then will you BE, worlds without end.

DARKNESS: A CONFIRMING NECROMANCY

Obtain a cylinder shaped package of strong tobacco snuff. A brand such as 'COPENHAGEN' would be recommended, as it is strong with a pungent odor and comes in a black plastic case. Do not use metal as it will block energy. Remove the labels from the package and inscribe the 'Diabolus' chant along the circumference of the side of the case. On the lid either inscribe or attach the symbol of NOCTULIUS or ATAZOTH. Or, leave bare (a pure black surface). Tobacco is a form of nicotania and is actually a poison – known in older times by the name 'nightshade'. Remove some of the tobacco and add several drops of your own blood and (if possible) a pinch of goofer dust (dirt from a gravesite). Before the rite put a quantity of this charged ethneogen in your mouth – allowing the mixture to seep into your bloodstream. Take the filled sigil and stroke it over your head, your hair and ears. Move it up and down your cheeks and chin. As you do this, open yourself to the sinister energies the tincture is radiating out to you. Visualize the black expanse of space and the void and fell the alien forces of Them filling your physical vessel. Close your eyes and brush their lids lightly with the sigil. Say these words:

'I see darkness!'

Move the sigil lower. Smell it's dark scent. Drink in it's aroma. Let it fill you. Intone:

'I breathe darkness!'

Open your eyes. Move the sigil away from your head and hold it aloft. Proclaim:

'I hold darkness!'

Lower the sigil to your heart. Stroke it up and down, soothing it, letting it's energies melt into yours. Say:

'I feel darkness!'

Move it down your stomach. Press it gently against your skin or clothing. Say:
'I nourish darkness!'

Hold the sigil before you, gaze into it's blackness treating it as a mirror of sinister power. See the reflection of yourself as Satan.

Intone:

'Darkness is before me.
Darkness is behind me.
Darkness is beside me.
Darkness is above me.
Darkness is below me.
Darkness is within me.
Darkness flows from me.
Darkness comes to me.
I am Darkness!'

Place the sigil where you will see it often or carry it on your person in the weeks following this rite.

On the night of the New Moon, bury it in the earth and sibilate towards the ethers:

'*Aperitur stella et germinet Noctulius!*'

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

PRACTICAL WORKINGS FOR NEONATES

One of the fundamental tasks of neonates upon the pathways presented by our Tempel is the embracing of the shadowside; the exploration of the dark (both Acasual and practical). Far from being simply an exploration of their own (supposedly) singular person, the exploration of the shadowside implies both the 1.) recognition and working with Sinister atavisms within the psyche, which in turn lead towards the pathways towards the Dark Gods 2.) presencing (via rituals appropriate for neonates) demonic, adverse spiritual forces.

Through the beginnings of the strivings and development of a Satanic character and the development of one's self via ordeals which cause alchemical change, knowledge of the self will come as a by-product of the previous mentioned activities of the neonate. This beginning of self-knowledge will be a start of a journey towards developing a true 'self-consciousness' which will last many decades. After the level of External Adept has been obtained, the Satanic adherent will begin to have a proper perspective on what they have become and how they, as an independent amoral force, interact with the world and the forces of Casual and Acasual nature (most often, Adepts will be working towards the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic. Goals of varying color in regards to manipulation of Aeonic forces are worked towards by various Satanic groups and individuals although the prominent goal is the bringing about the Return of the Dark Gods.

In the beginning, for the Neonate, one of the primary goals will be to strip the self of imposed Nazarene 'morals'.

In the beginning, it will be very imperative for the neonate to realize what is Satan and what it means to be, in reality, Satanic. Satanists – especially within the goals promulgated by Lord Karnac in 'The Focus and Direction of the Tempel ov Blood' – and especially true for those actually working with the Tempel ov Blood specifically, are, quintessentially, a martial force of evil which stands in defiance to the Magian. Not only do we defy, we infiltrate, disrupt, dismantle, raze and sabotage both philosophical strongholds and both esoteric and exoteric infrastructure of the Magian system. As the Satanist develops, through their opening of certain nexions within their own being to the Dark Gods and forged in the fire of their own 'living on the edge' experiences in life they will become more Sinister, more Satanic. The neonate must begin a path that will force a self-evolution upon themselves. To undeveloped humans, a Neonate and especially an Initiate will be very dangerous indeed. This capability to both 1.) draw down Acasual forces related to the Dark Gods of the Sinister Pantheon (and) 2.) be able to effectively enact system disruption will only increase over the passage of years and the descent of the practitioner towards the Casual and Acasual Altars of Hell.

For the neonate, it is important that a real breakdown of Magian brainwashing to occur. It is not enough to go about it, willy-nilly, simply extracting things that may be personally attractive to extract while still holding onto deep, harbored emotions and ideas. It is precisely those deep-rooted Magian

elements which must be destroyed if one is to truly become worthy of the title of 'Satanist'.

In the pseudo-satanic groups, we often see individuals who, while flaunting certain conceived 'taboos' and 'indulgences' will truly 'run like the devil was after them' if confronted by an opinion, action, emotion, etc. which is truly dark, truly sinister. For instance, LaVeyian Satanists may still find it 'thrilling' to paw at a naked altar girl, shout 'Shemhamforash' with nasal intonations or make 'vague hints' that National Socialist Germany possessed occultic power. In truth, the large majority of non-Sinister Path so-called 'Satanists' are simply dabblers, who have no real interest in 'getting their hands dirty' so to speak. Put these would-be Satanists in the presence of a truly heretical political or religious doctrine (an example in America would be, for instance, a Racial Covenant Identity adherent of Posse Comitatus limited government, who practices polygamy) and they will become surprised, bewuthered and, in most cases, completely disoriented. Confront these would-be Satanists with a practical act of chaos and darkness (for instance, the destruction of the World Trade Center) and these so-called Satanists will suddenly become god-bless-america flag-waving patriots.

So, as you can by now see, even when many 'taboos' are broken in an attempt to cleanse oneself of Magian brainwashing and force-fed dogma there are always more to be broken, deeper layers of consciousness to uncover. This deprogramming is not just 'desirable' – it is ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. For remember, we are not simply discussing a 'personal salvation' here, we are not simply explaining that for one's own personal benefit that these changes are desirable.

One must begin to view themselves, straight from the start, as being a part of the whole – a Satanist with a specific destiny, but one whose primary objective is being a Satanic, vampiric shock-trop in the war machine which will plant the seeds for the return of the Dark Gods physically upon this earth planet. In this respect, it would be recommended for neonates to study, in-depth, the history of the National Socialist party and the Third Reich. Look into the philosophers and thinkers who influenced the National Socialist policy and credo and read those well. As is said in the Twenty-One Satanic Statements (Black Book of Satan, Order of Nine Angles): 'Build not upon sand but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for all time'. It should be the goal of every Satanist to create a widening sphere of Sinister influence which will outlast their casual lifespan. For this purpose, it must be understood that all beginning steps are necessary training so that the Satanist, later on, might be capable to influence via their Sinister deeds the shifting of Aeons. And, by sacrificing for Sinister outcome in the turning of the ages, one is putting their effort in the pool of all those who wish to see the gods of darkness, the Lords of Evil and Plague, to enter from the dark spaces – coming out of their prison of Saturn – to descend upon the earth planet and establish open rule, making 'SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA' complete.

So, when the attempt of deprogramming the Magian influence is duly enacted one must remember that he or she is training to be a SOLDIER for the Sinister Dialectic. One must strive to be a PROFESSIONAL that is not ruled by unconsciousness influences and deplorable remnants of Magian thinking. When deprogramming the method which must be used is SHOCK. There is no other way.

This must be enacted on every possible facet of your operations. For instance, one big shock would be the defilement of sexuality for those who harbor traditional American 'fraternity boy' practices. Of course this will be especially effective for those who have been raised in the sexually-oppressive atmosphere of a Judeo-Christian home. Sadomasochism (which actually has a specific esoteric usage within Sinister Vampirism to be explored in other mss.), sapphism, uraninian practices, etc. are all useful. The first thought of the neonate may very well be 'oh my, but, I find some of those practices to be disturbing!'. THAT is precisely the point and that is why it is precisely those things which are unexplored and 'disturbing' which must be engaged in. Only by dropping headfirst into the Abyss of Sinister experience will one become a truly Sinister individual, one which is capable of effecting change and disruption which is adverse to the Magian yet frought with potential of evolution for the humans which come into your sector of operations. Satanists, via overcoming themselves, will become amoral, Sinister beings who are beyond human – beings which will be winds of change wherever they may go. Sometimes, the change they bring will be met with resistance. That in itself is only another opportunity for the Satanist to engage in a favorite pastime which is sorely needed in today's emasculated feminized society, and that pastime and operation is the operation of CONFLICT, STRIFE and WAR.

The neonate should begin, right away, to identify and observe the behavioral factors within the society in which they live that are causing anti-evolutionary results within the populace. Once identified, it can be readily assumed that these anti-

evolutionary factors are being introduced by the Magians, who promote the kind of deplorable 'half-life' which is the antithesis of an upward, Sinister evolutionary course. It is useful for the neonate to early on begin exploring the disruptive forms, actions and creeds which elicit hysterical vituperation from the hordes of human chattel. When one has found a form which is able to 'touch a nerve' within the populace, it should be explored. More often than not, or if it possesses a psychic contaminant of anti-evolutionary creeds, it can still be manipulated and subverted to serve Sinister aims.

Along with the traditional tasks that are given to a Neonate (certain specific tasks will come from the Tempel ov Blood if one is so affiliated, and there are several traditional tasks such as the killing of an animal in the manner of a hunter with a primitive weapon such as a bow and arrow or a stone and sling, the procurement of holy water and consecrated wafer from a church which is then defiled ritualistically to bind oneself to Satan, etc.) every Neonate is highly recommended to undertake the following (or very similar tasks). This will be a 'building block' that will provide the base from which many more ambitious projects in the way of Aeonic manipulation of forms for the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic later on along the path.

NEONATE BLACK OPS:
Infiltration and Sabotage

The neonate should start (especially if one is young and unable to travel great distances via modern vehicular modes) their Sinister Path operations by becoming familiar with the different institutions and social groups (including, but not

limited to, local 'sub-cultures') in their immediate geographical location. They should identify whether or not these institutions and social groups are operating according to Magian or Sinister principles. More than likely, the former will be the case.

As the Neonate establishes his or her first temple area (this could be a grove in the forest or a bedroom which is used for meditation and practices of Vampirism and Sinister pathworkings) there will begin to be an outpouring of black, abysmal energies which will 'disperse' amongst the area in which the Sinister adherent is living.

In addition to traditional rituals it would be recommended to obtain some more conventional grimoires on black magick and work with the formulas while subverting them to cause Sinister, calamitous results. An example of this would be working with grimoires that require elaborate magical circles of protection with 'holy names' so inscribed on them. In such rituals the 'demon' or 'astral force' is usually summoned into a 'protective triangle' which is OUTSIDE OF THE CIRCLE – in other words, the magicians who practice such are very concerned about protecting themselves from the primal force/demon that is summoned. Another staple of these types of rituals is that elaborate 'banishing' rituals are used at the end of the rituals. This is to 'banish' all the remaining energies to prevent 'psychic contamination' or 'chaotic dispersion' of the (most of the time) adverse energies/forces/whatever which has been brought forth during the course of the ritual.

A rule of thumb for neonates concerning such rituals is this: whatever the white-light magicians recommend for 'safety', promptly eschew. Furthermore, reverse portions of the ritual in

such a way that you will be bringing forth forces that will NOT BE BANISHED and will be allowed to run rampant, indefinitely.

A sample scenario of such would go as follows: An older 'black magic' manual gives the explanations for how to summon and banish a demon/primal force/etc. The manual explains that a circle must be drawn and that the demon will manifest in the triangle outside of the circle. Afterwards, the demon must be 'banished' and the room cleansed with salt and other nice, pretty herbal tinctures of exorcism.

Do not bother with forming a circle. Simply use an altar bearing the sigils/pictures and accessories specific to the demon which you are summoning. After the ritual is complete, do not utter any words or perform any actions which supposedly will 'close' the ritual – simply leave the area, with no banishment whatsoever. Another method would be to simply draw the triangle and to stand inside of the triangle, hermetically sealing yourself in the same small area in which the demon will be manifesting. Such purposeful subversions of ritual will quickly lead to demonic possession and dispersal of evil, chaotic energies in your geographical area.

Performing such 'open-ended rituals along with other Sinister practices will begin the process of saturating oneself with Sinister energies from beyond (a virtual 'crash course' in abysmal shadowside) and also saturating the area in which you live with similar energies. Your goal here is to be the catalyst for sort of an 'All Hell Breaks Loose' type of scenario in your respective location. This grooming of an area will again be a building block for more elaborate activities which can be taken

on later during the Path which include forming a proper 'nexion' which will become a doorway for Abysmal, Sinister forces to enter into the casual.

Once these prerequisite 'renegade' rituals have begun to show some effect and once your initial meditation practices have begun to yield fruit, it is time for some exoteric disruption of local Magian as well as (potentially) Sinister forms. By this we mean institutions which exert some sort of social engineering upon the populace as well as social groups which are often by-products of the aforementioned institutional structures.

Find the following:

1.) A local church into which you, the Sinister Adherent would be able to infiltrate and play a role within. For youth, the most useful would be 'the struggling teenager' (individuals in their early twenties could also undertake this role, lying about their age) who is 'interested in Jesus' but 'just not ready to make a commitment'. One could easily, several months down the line in the course of the infiltration, feign a sudden 'I've been saved, by the grace of God!' conversion which the (victims) will attribute to their own 'holy effort' and will further endear you to (the victims) that much more. Find such a church and visit it overtly and covertly on a few random occasions while you plan on your strategy and how you will disrupt their organization. By covertly I of course mean some after-hours visitations for purposes of feeling out the astral nature of their structure (placing strategic sigils around the physical building of churches is useful here) and begin some preliminary disruptions of the area on a physical level.

2.) A local occult group or a local sub-cultural group in which intimations of being overtly Sinister will be met with interest and curiosity. As Nietzsche said, if something is falling – push it! The key here is to find a group of people who are (unconsciously) being affected in adverse ways by the Sinister energies that you are unleashing by your working in their geographical area. Agitate their deterioration and begin psychic and astral sabotage, putting them quickly on the road to perdition. This technique could be termed a 'vampiric massacre'. The astral and psychic terrorizing of a group of people, en masse, for massive blood essence feeding with you, unseen, being the cause of their woes.

These practices of infiltration, subtle (and in the case of some Neonates, not so subtle!) subversion and presencing of dark forces only on a local level will begin the development of skills which will be of use later on, during the stage of early Adepthood, when one begins using increasingly larger forms to manipulate. During that later period, the Sinister adherent will be taking the skills which were first developed during the stage of Neonate and honing them to use on a global level.

While breaking down forms of Magian brainwashing one of the most effective tools to use in tangent with shock treatment (for more information on the methods and guidance on such please contact the Tempel ov Blood. TOB leaders will be able to assist individual members through observing the Neonates own personal nature and then prescribing certain duties and techniques which will be specifically beneficial to them personally) is to also undertake a serious influx of Sinister images, music, art, activities, etc. In essence, this is to implant certain 'impressions' of a Sinister nature which will override

and replace former mental characteristics which have been implanted by the Magian.

The 21 Satanic Statements of Conrad Robury should be used as a catechism for every Neonate. If not memorized, they should be at least meditated upon (choose one Statement for each day of the month and meditate on one statement a day. After several months, the import of these statements will begin to sink in and you will find yourself applying the lessons which are taught within the statements.) If you have not so already, find a form of music available which embodies for you, atmospheres which you would consider appropriate to the Sinister Path. This should be music that moves you and brings forth thoughts of darkness, chaos and evil. Music of a past age (medieval or Victorian music for example) can be of aid in establishing a non-linear mode of conception when dealing with the Dark Gods and the Undead. The key here is to use appropriate props which will allow you to 'march to the beat of your own drum' and begin shedding the natural 'herd mentality' of 'follow the leader' which exists in undeveloped human society.

Rudimentary Vampiric practice should also be undertaken during the stage of neonate. The practice of draining blood essence (via touch, sight, and later, via astral travel) should commence and it is useful to pursue the mss. of groups such as (the now defunct) Tempel Azagthoth of the nineties to begin learning these methods. Mss. are also available from the Tempel ov Blood detailing more Sinister appropriate approaches to these practices and the TOB mss. should be read first. Ask your Tempel guide for information regarding Vampiric practice in this regard as they will be able to point

you in the direction of knowledge and information which shall be appropriate for assuming the most hideous and dark forms of Wamphyrism in accord with the nature of the Tempel.

IN CLOSING:

This manuscript is to serve the purpose of being a supplement to your Neonate workings within the Tempel ov Blood. The information within is 'open-ended' and should not be read casually, but rather read in the mood of reading between the lines and apprehending the concepts which are intimated within. Much information regarding the Sinister Path of the Tempel ov Blood is not kept secret by choice, but rather, by necessity. For, the TOB stands at the threshold of darkness - amoral and thus, is a threat to the powers of liberal Western Democracy which would like you to believe that the practices of social engineering and genetic manipulation 'do not exist'. The development of our emerging tyrants who are becoming genetically in similitude to 'Those From Without' must be guarded against the prying eyes of opposing forces from the White Lodge. This is especially true within the United States.

The aims of the Tempel ov Blood are very ambitious and they will be ruthlessly pursued far after the casual lifespan of the individual who is now writing these words to you. Certain methods of ours are by necessity cloaked in the symbolic language of 'occult'. Through strenuous practice the curious may advance and have these layers of secrecy removed to reveal the true abomination of our agenda. This will come only through the personal effort of those so seeking.

The methods which will be learned as you make your progression within the Sinister Path will be of such a sensitive nature that many would think such techniques would only be known amongst top secret government sectors.

They are here, for those who wish to take the path of power, because we are a Tradition. Some of our members are moving (and some have already arrived) towards a state of existence which cannot be classified as 'human' (psychically, physically, mentally or biologically).

Those who, being chained by their own Magian brainwashing believe that such results are not possible are in for a big surprise down the line. What to us has arrived as progress will be seen by the vast majority of undeveloped humans as a terror which has no equal.

Noctulian covert infiltration and subversion leading to Noctulian overt command and control.

Day of Wrath, Day by that way...

Age of fire, Final Harvest, Final Omega...

Noctulian.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
114yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

WORLD OPFER – A GUIDE FOR INITIATES

Initiatory Crisis

Genuine initiatory crises are absolutely necessary for the creation of the Noctulian and the entrance into the undead state. The silence of dwelling in the eye of the storm, a symbolic representation of the undead state that is Noctulian existence, can only be attained by traversing the path of harsh, brutal ordeals that are the hallmark of our alchemical change process. Like when approaching the eye of a hurricane, the winds of ordeal and forced transfiguration will become harsher and more intense as one approaches the eye. It is only through real, genuine initiatory crises that one can reach the Noctulian state. The initiatory crises that are prerequisite must include real tragedy, real horror and real testing. This is not simply promethean overcoming, as the Noctulian is not simply an aphorism for the Satanic Adept.

The current of the Tempel ov Blood is very specific and involves treading a sideward path towards a paradigm of existence that is alien and inimical to the cosmic life force.

Transformation necessarily must be perverse and filled with elements of Terror due to the fact that the entity that emerges after breakthrough is an abomination in quintessence, rather than being the 'next rung on the evolutionary ladder' per se. Specific methods of self-engineering must be employed to produce specific entities.

For many, the harshness and the absurd nature of pursuing the alchemical change process according to the Noctulian standards will be too much to bear. There are many groups and systems available for those who wish to follow a more humane approach and we do not dissuade those who are better suited for an alternative method to go their own way. However, if one wishes to aspire towards the Noctulian state, if one wishes to enter into the TOB Blood Pool, then discipline and fanatical commitment to our way must be adhered to. If you fail, you will face the inevitable torture that comes with associating with the blood currents of the TOB and embracing the Abyss – if you succeed you will also face the inevitable torture that comes with associating with the blood currents of the TOB and embracing the Abyss. One may decide to no longer embrace the denizens of the Abyss, however, the denizens of the Abyss, once contacted, will persistently be interested in embracing you.

A bleak path lies before you, strewn with the blood of those that have gone before. Advancement in the path involves an increase, not a decrease in the awareness of Darkness.

Blood Feeding

All aspiring Noctulians must feed. Upon what do you feed? The blood essence of humans. One may consume the blood essence of the human herd via direct draining procedures while disembodied in the astral state. One may also consume the blood essence of a human via sympathetic contact, sight and touch. What is the grim secret to this Wamphyric Art that is often denied by other vampiric orders? It is the fact that engineering pain – physical and physical – real evil deeds done towards a specific target in the flesh to put it plainly, is very useful in releasing the flow from your human victim. Coercing

your victims into states of psychological stress – or even psychological terror – psychical pain – or even physical pain – will work wonders in allowing you to feed heavily upon them. This blood essence – once consumed – will attract the denizens of the Abyss and they – via inducing insanity in the initiate and allowing the initiate to peer through the horrid vortices of the void and backwards darkness – will aid in your transformation. Employing black arts methods for harm should be used in tangent with blood feeding – this means employing curses as well as more practical methods. A TOB initiate is encouraged – and expected – to curse and feed indiscriminately.

The Blood Pool

When one enters into the Tempel ov Blood one becomes part of the TOB Blood Pool. What does this mean? It means that the blood that you drain from humans is in like manner drained from you – by the Inner Family of Noctulians higher in the hierarchy. The pinnacle of this feeding process is the Blood Father of the Inner Family. The Blood Father is a vortex that twists and distorts the blood currents and then channels this downward towards the larger TOB Blood Family. His black hand is upon you and his touch drains you of the blood essence that you have culled from humans. He is a vortex that twists and distorts the blood currents. His mercy is the blood currents that have been twisted and distorted whish he sends down as a rain of astral energy only to those of the TOB – those of the Family. This blood essence, rather than simply being vitalizing (as is the blood essence that you, the initiate, cull from the human herd), is possessed of properties that coerce transformation and transfiguration according to Noctulian principles. The rain of mercy from our Blood Father aids in the

creation of the Noctulian – in tangent with practical acts of evil done in the world – and the pains and rigors of ordeal and initiatory crises. This is one of the essential secrets of the alchemical change process revealed.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

ALCHEMICAL ORDEAL – 18.333

Introduction:

In all systems of the world including the federal government and military, there is a set system which is used to break down the subject (who is henceforth a funded 'experiment' in themselves, who sometime receive some small compensation for their trouble) and build them back up again, in the image chosen by the experimenter – being usually a government or military. The system is known, when dealing with heretical groups, as 'brainwashing'. What the government does is never termed 'brainwashing,' but it lies to reason that with the years of experience and funding behind them, the government system of breakdown /psyche death/build-up-in-another-image model is far superior to what is practiced by many common 'occult' groups as we know of them today.

Paramount to the system of 'breakdown' is shock. Shock is a tool which is used, along with fatigue, stress and terror heaped upon the subject almost constantly. During the period following shock – certain 'imprints' can be made, neurologically, upon the recipient of the shock. For instance, if one was in casual circumstances to see a sigil of Abatu this may or may not seem to be a significant experience itself. In fact, the seeing of such a sigil in normal or even induced 'magical' consciousness may not be enough to even put a strong enough neurological imprint into one's mind where the subject would even remember what the sigil looked like. However, if one was, for instance, beaten within an inch of their life and then had a

sigil of Abatu shoved into their face – a very strong neurological imprint will indeed be made.

This alchemical ordeal from the Tempel ov Blood is graded 18.333. 18 standing for Adolf Hitler (A.H. = 18 numerologically) and 333 standing for the demonic entity known as the 'Lurker at the Threshold', i.e.: Choronzon. No pain, no gain. And remember that 'All that is great, is built upon sorrow'. Agios O Vindex Est Venturus!

DIRECTIVES:

Procure and memorize Sinister chants 'Diabolus' and 'Sanctus Satanas'. This can be both in the musical meter and for word purpose only, however, during this ritual the chants will be chanted consistently without any tune per se, in line with the beat of the heart (this is similar to the beating of the heart of the slain dragon Tiamat as her blood flowed out in tune with the heartbeat, creating the world). Practice listening to your heartbeat and uttering one word of the chant in tune with your footfalls – like a martial cadence seen used in militaries the world over.

Memorize the 'Our Father' blasphemic rendition of the original, which can be found in manuscripts stemming from the Traditional Satanist group, Order of Nine Angles.

The duration of this ordeal will be three months – three corresponding to Choronzon (or appropriate Sinister pantheon entity in similitude) and the breaking open of the psychic gates, thus allowing the powers and energies of the Abyss to enter into the physical plane. This ritual serves a dual purpose. One

of the purposes will not be mentioned, but should be ascertained by the practitioner during the course of the ordeal. The second purpose is to presence the dark.

The period of ritual will begin on the new moon and end on the new moon – three months later. The adherent should be dressed in black clothes and have a vial in which certain herbal tinctures have been collected (contact Tempel hierarchy for further information on the proper herbal compound to be used in your particular case). During the course of the ordeal, this vial will be worn via a leather thong or carried on one's person at all times excepting sleep, and then it should be placed no further than several feet from the adherent.

Go dressed in black into the forest at the hour of 3 A.M. on the new moon, carrying your prepared tincture in a vial. Situate yourself in the forest where you have a view of the sky above you and absolute privacy from any humans coming near. If the state of complete solitude or deep wilderness is not feasible, make sure that you are prepared to deal with any trespassers who may enter into the area.

Draw the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon a surface of earth. Within the sigil place the tincture which you have prepared. Begin an informal ritual by reciting the 'Sanctus Satanas' and then the 'Diabolus,' followed by the 'Our Father' prayer. Following this meditate upon SATANAS. You will remain, in meditation, until sunrise.

As you perceive sunrise beginning to occur, take the tincture and put it on your person and with you left hand rub out the

sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth with the words 'Mein blut ist für ihr'. Leave the area without looking back.

Upon arrival at your abode, immediately get upon the road and run one mile. If you are used to running more, up the number of miles appropriately. The purpose here is to create stress. The number of miles run and the length thereof is to cause discomfort – so go beyond your limits you have set for yourself, but never less than one mile. Upon reaching one mile, recite the 'Our Father' prayer and turn around and walk back to your abode. Upon arriving back, recite the 'Sanctus Satanas' or the 'Diabolus'.

As this ordeal progresses, you should alternate one chant every other day i.e.: one day chant 'Sanctus Satanas' and the next day 'Diabolus' then back to 'Sanctus Satanas'.

Recite the chant in line with your footfalls or your heartbeat as explicated at the beginning of 'directives'.

Every morning until the new moon three months from the beginning of the ordeal, you shall each morning repeat the process of running one (or more) mile, followed by the 'Our Father' and the 'Diabolus' or 'Sanctus Satanas' on the walk back to your dwelling place. As your tolerance to the run begins to build, run farther so that in each instance you are reaching a state of fatigue/exhaustion.

Before going to bed in the evening, recite the 'Our Father' with reverence and conviction while staring into the glass of tincture which you have prepared. Have an alarm clock set and wake to repeat the same bedtime ritual at 12 A.M. and again at 3 A.M.

Upon waking, undertake the usual run followed with appropriate chants.

During this period of three months the adherent is to eat nothing except meat and liquids of animal products (such as goat or cow's milk). No cheese, bread or any solid substance other than meat is to be consumed. This will put the body into a state of ketosis and sooner than later your body will begin consuming itself. This process is not harmful. By NO MEANS should one cheat at all on said diet.

By the time the period of three months is up, you will have reached a lithe or skeletal state befitting one of the predators of Tempel ov the Blood in the emerging alchemical state. On the new moon at the end of the ordeal period, proceed with black clothes and carrying your tincture into a secluded wooded area. This is NOT to be the same area which you used to commence with the ritual to begin with.

At three A.M. assemble yourself in the woods and draw the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth. Within the sigil place the tincture which you have prepared. Recite the 'Diabolus' followed by 'Sanctus Satanas'. Follow this with a recitation of the 'Our Father' prayer. Following this meditate upon SATANAS. You will remain in meditation, until sunrise.

As you perceive the sun beginning to rise, take the tincture and drink it followed by the words 'Ich bin Noctulius'. Alternately (see T.O.B. representative for specific instruction) conceal the tincture within your clothing and offer to the Master/Mistress as a sacrifice.

Rub out the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth with your right hand while repeating the words:

'AGIOS O NOCTULIUS'.

The ritual is at a close.

Upon completion, the adherent should compose an essay on his/her experiences while and during this period of trial. Also, consultation should be made with a Tempel representative for any extra tasks which should be performed during this three month period. AVE SATANAS

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

THE BIRTH OF A DICTATOR

Directives:

The length of this extended ritual will be three months in duration. Items needed include a swastika third reich blood banner (party flag of the NSDAP), a uniform of some type (militaristic or police, ideally it should either be all black with swastika armband or the brown/black uniform of the storm troopers), a packet of razor blades, a satchel of dust taken from a graveyard, apocalyptic military music (we would recommend 'Puissance' from Sweden) and a copy of 'The Mass of Heresy' from the Order of the Nine Angles. Also gather all items required by the 'Mass' manuscript. Also have study materials which should consist of all of the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche and a copy of Adolf Hitler's autobiography *Mein Kampf* as well as John Toland's biography *Adolf Hitler*.

Morning ritual:

Every morning proceed into the area which you have set aside as your temple area. Eight days before commencing with this ritual, prepare the temple in the following manner: Upon the northern wall of the room hang the blood banner, beneath this should be a small table or lectern upon which sits a copy of *Mein Kampf*, a razor blade. The uniform and the satchel of graveyard dust should not be kept in the temple, but rather kept with your personal belongings in a separate area (ideally whatever room is used as your bedroom in which you sleep).

Also in your possession should be a cat o' nine tails or some other similar whip. This should be kept in the temple, near the lectern. Upon rising, dress at once in your military uniform. Proceed into the temple and perform a bowing obeisance to the swastika blood banner, uttering the words of the 'Dies Irae' chant while you are lying upon the floor. Upon rising from the obeisance, perform the Mass of Heresy – the full Mass if you are living in a temple commune or a solitary version if you are by yourself. Upon completion perform another obeisance before the swastika flag and repeat the 'Dies Irae' chant as you performed before. Leave the temple area and go about your normal duties in the world.

During the course of the day spend at least one hour reading the Toland *Hitler* biography or *Mein Kampf*. Upon night, before going to sleep, go into the temple naked, carrying the satchel of dirt from the graveyard/cemetery.

Upon entrance to the temple perform a full bowing obeisance before the swastika blood banner and repeat the 'Dies Irae' while making the obeisance. Rise.

While staring into the blood banner, take a small measure of the dust into your left palm, spitting to create a sort of paste. Rub the graveyard paste upon your forehead while repeating the word 'Change' eight times. Proceed to the altar and set the unused bag of goofer dust on top of the copy of Mein Kampf. Remove the cat o' nine tails from behind the lectern and turn on the apocalyptic military music.

Begin lightly (or hardly, depending on your preference) flagellating your own back with the cat o' nine tails while

singing the 'Dies Irae' in the traditional manner (for the notation please contact the Tempel ov Blood or listen to the beginning of 'The Self-Immolation Rite). Give yourself eighty-eight strokes with the cat o' nine tails while chanting the 'Dies Irae' continually. Upon completion, replace the whip and remove the goofer dust, bowing obeisance before the swastika banner and leave the room. Allow the apocalyptic music to play.

This morning and evening ritual should be performed every day and every night for a period of three months. Ideally the extended ceremony should begin and end on a full moon.

AGIOS O NOCTULIUS! AGIOS O NOCTULIUS!

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

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BOOK III

TALES OV THE BLOOD POOL

THREE A.M.

He sat gazing into it for hours it seemed, somehow drawn in like nothing else existed. Time seemed to dissipate while in this space.

Over the past year he had gone from being anti-social to becoming an outright recluse. Doctors told him he had Anti-social Personality Disorder with sociopathic tendencies, but in truth they were barely touching the tip of the iceberg.

He spent most of his time, when not working his mundane low profile job, closed off from the world in his mobile home out near the woods. He did not watch nor did he have T.V., his phone never rang and he ate just enough to survive, going days on end without consumption of water.

He would come back to this place nightly, each time going further inwards. Often he would contemplate the great progress he had made over the last year 'building the new machine' as he would put it. What used to be an inward journey now in turn had become more like core genetic surgery, in a constant state of being under the blade. From the common eye he would appear to be a sickly person due to the extreme pale tone of his skin, pale to the point of having a grey tint to it. But he never got sick...nor did he really resemble a common human...

Sometimes he would see them flicker in the dark reflection of that place, their dead lights shape-shifting throughout the

landscapes not seen by the untrained eyes. Other times they would come to him in his sleep in different demonic and alienic shades and forms. As if they never slept he could feel them watching him at all times.

Howling winds and thick grey fog would often present themselves in the general area of his nest, and when he stepped outside the sun would disappear.

Again he would come back to that place which he longed for, reaching further and calling out to them.

This particular night however he cut his arm open with a razorblade to offer them blood, for he knew they were always hungry...watching...waiting for the invitation. This time staring in he could see right through to the other side.

All went black – he lost consciousness...

When he came to he could not see anything, unable to make out his surroundings. He could see off in the distance a small window which a dim light barely shone through. Moving towards the window and looking through he could see a small room blacked out with draped cloth on all four walls, windows and over the door. He could see the room was dimly lit with three candles just below the window. Before him appeared to be a lifeless cadaver on the floor with a laceration on its arm. On one side of the body there was a razorblade recently wetted on the floor, on the other side was a folded leather belt appearing as if it had been used in some sort of punishment ordeal.

None of this scenario was familiar to him and he did not recognize the body before him on the floor. All he knew now was hunger.

He had called them... THEY CAME!

Nightmare Tyrant
Black Lodge Discipline Center
120 yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

A HERMIT'S CONFESSIONS

A little girl skipped down the trail, her sneakers bouncing upon the springy ground covering of manicured chipped pine. Observing closer it is obvious that the person is not a little girl at all, but rather a young woman of at least nineteen years of age. Her clothing, a pleated skirt and a brightly colored blouse, exudes youthfulness – as does her demeanor. She flits down the path, dark due to the thick cover of trees, humming to herself and gesticulating at figures and beings that only she can see.

From the cover of brush atop the earthen rise above the trail, the hermit gazes towards her with great yearning. It seems as though it has been years since he has gazed upon a form of feminine beauty – although it has only been thirteen months since Wulsin assumed his role as a reclusive hermit living deep in the southern woodlands.

Wulsin's left hand is wrapped around the branch of a spruce sapling – the rise is steep and hints at the fact that if not careful, it would not be difficult for a person to take a mad tumble down the slope onto the valley trail beneath.

With his right hand, Wulsin pulls out an odd wooden whistle from his sodden traveling knapsack.

A shrill toot pierces the serene quiet of the forest. The young lass ceases her fanciful undulations, standing solidly with her hands on her hips – perking her ear to the wind.

Wulsin removes the instrument from his mouth and sighs. So long has it been since he has talked (much less touched!) another. His only companions over the long months of his hermitage were the familiars which visited him in the forms of cats and rabbits and the ethereal astral manifestations of the elemental spirits of the wood which came to him on the nights of the new moon.

When he first began his reclusive life, he had been leaving a chaotic several years characterized by exoteric meddling in revolutionary politics, intrigue and subterfuge, as well as a period of almost two years spent in prison as a result of his involvement in certain anti-establishment circles.

It had been a period of tragedy, terror, camaraderie and faustian glory. It began and progressed during the preliminary stages of the 'Terrorist Wars' and Wulsin had emerged, not unscathed, but as a survivor. Many of his contemporaries had not been so fortunate: some, assassinated by federal bullets. Others, kidnapped and taken to remote offshore concentration camps where they still rotted (if they still did indeed possess life) – gone, never to return.

A chill came over him as he contemplated his past, a Satanic overcoming which had made him older – breaking the innocence he once possessed that was now but a sweet memory of the living past.

His eyes swept eagerly over the girl – full, muscled legs that were testament to an active participation in life out-of-doors. Plump arms and perfect hips so common of the rural American farm girl.

Wulsin raised his whistle to his lips and a slow, churning melody issued forth from the wooden pipes into the cool air of the forest.

The girl's eyes became glassy and, to Wulsin's surprise, she plopped down and sat cross-legged, listening to the sound that bespoke of an older, more noble age.

A grin curled along the corner of Wulsin's mouth even as he played.

To some, a moment of simple magic like the one he now found himself in was beyond reach – beyond comprehension. As the urban populace of America, enslaved to the forces of Magian distortion and subsequent materialistic mundania, went about their insect-like days – so much, so much more went on in the world beyond their scope of vision.

As his melody came to a close, he slowly extracted himself from the foliage – slipping back towards the darkness of the trees – back towards his solitary workings undertaken in his role of the hermit.

He took one last look at the girl before pulling his knapsack out from between two rotted logs and leaving.

A smile played across the young woman's face; and appreciation and apprehension that was pure for the auspicious forces which the hermit had presenced.

'Aperiatur stella et germinet Mactoron' Wulsin whispered.

A few minutes after – the girl rose and proceeded out towards the lot where her automobile lay waiting beyond the forest's edge.

When she returned home from her small outing to the home of her parents, they seemed to notice a small change in her – of what sort, they could not tell. A few months after she left her home and her town. A few years later, she has become infamous.

'She rows a boat in a black pool
From her steps:
The Hermaphrodite,
the body drowned.
The Planet of Them
And the first drop
In a white desert
Into clear waters
Aktlal Maka.'

-IV. Mactoron, *Caelethi: Black Book of Satan II* (ONA)

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
August 31 114yf eh
Tempel ov Blood

TRANSMISSIONS ALIENIC

'Sanctus Satanas Sanctus, Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth. Satanas – Venire! Satanas Venire! Ave Satanas, Ave Satanas! Tui sunt caeli, tua est terra – Ave Satanas…'

The words of the Sinister chant whispered forth into the night, reverberating amongst the dead, stale air of a maximum security prison in a certain Western nation. All was dark in the area, as in that hour of night no one walked except a lone guard making his rounds.

As the words were spoken they came out with a slightly high-pitched, almost fiendish inflection. The adept knew that though such was being spoken in solitude, that the words were being sent out into the void and would, indeed, reverberate eternally throughout all the ethers. Call out to the Backwards Darkness and the Backwards Darkness will respond in time...

As the prisoner stared out into the thin, slitted window of the cell into the vast, sprawling city landscapes beneath him, he remembered words that he had heard spoken by his Satanic Master long ago: 'Yours are the skies, yours are the earth...' All the earth lies in wait, in sensual and feverish anticipation of the arrival of the Dark Gods from the black planes of the Acasual. The very blood of slain warriors of the Western Aeon groan in want of the beings which are to take their rightful place in the unfolding destiny of earth. When, via the harsh ordeals and alchemical change processes of those of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path, a new species shall be brought about – beyond and above

what is currently called 'humanity.' The Dark shall be presenced. The Sinister shall manifest in the physical.

The prisoner continued chanting, without cessation, allowing one repetition to flow directly into the next. As the chant proceeded the adept noticed that a strange and anomalous heat began to presence itself in the cell – a hot, humid pressure as if the very atomic structure of the surrounding atmosphere was being changed rapidly and severely. The presence of the heat descended, and then settled itself in the area directly surrounding the chanter's body.

Soon, the individual's vision began to blur and as he looked across the landscape filtered through the scum-covered window, he saw himself looking miles upon miles into the distance. A demonic quality of vision had entered into him, making his abilities absurd and acute. First he saw only the buildings a few miles away, but within minutes his vision took him far beyond the cosmopolitan vistas of the city and into the outlying countryside and soon, across oceans. And then, his vision extended across and beyond time-space itself.

A barbaric rustling of dead leaves and the snapping of branches comes into the realm of your auditory perception. The tramping of hooves, but these are hooves of no animal that you have ever seen. Busting forth from the heath comes a squat, fuming figure with the legs of a goat and the body of a man. Your flesh creeps as you see him, and you fell as if your head and very body will burst with this new sinister knowledge to which you have been made privy to. Things that mortal eyes are not meant to perceive. Oh, horror! This being is beyond human, it is in itself an inhumane creature, subject to every

barbaric cruelty and pagan practice imaginable! See that it is sexually virulent as well as violent, for the stiffness of its saturnine member is obvious. Its eyes are pure black marble. Its head crowned with an obscured matted beard the color of earth, sprinkled graciously with fragments of grey, blood-spattered brain tissue. From the furred nest sprouts the curled horns of a ram.

Through the entities beard you perceive rows upon rows of sharpened animal teeth. The teeth of the predator. The fangs of a being who lives by the law of tooth and claw. Every part of the entities body is a roaring monstrosity, a wonder unto itself. Oh Master of Awe and Derision! You find it hard to focus on any one part of the being's anatomy at any length of time and near impossible to comprehend the glories of his complete and full figure at even one glance.

Vaporous fog issues forth from the undead and alienic intelligence's snorting nostrils. Yet, the air around him seems full of an insane heat – although the forest in which he stands is obviously enveloped in the cool chilled portions of season right before the onslaught of a bleak and frosted winter.

From the depths of the woods behind the entity you begin to hear the frenzied beating of tabors accompanied by laughter which seems to be issuing forth from children, male and female, who are possessed of some fulsome and preternatural intelligence.

'*Agios O Atazoth*!' – the chant is spoken, laughed and screamed into the twilight. Faster and faster and faster the chant is continued, faster and faster and faster is the beating of the

primal drums. More possessed and sinister comes the laughter of the children of the woods. You begin to sink into the blackness of unconsciousness and the last thing you see is a small child with her ghostly mates begin to crowd around you; smiling with a sexual gleam that children of that age should not possess according to the dictates of the Magian Nazarene.

A small blonde girl smiles, laughing softly as her lily white arms are outstretched to begin binding you with leather cords...

'Sanctus Satanas Sanctus, Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth. Satanas - Venire! Satanas Venire! Ave Satanas, Ave Satanas! Tui sunt caeli, tua est terra – Ave Satanas...'

In the depressive and black atmosphere of the prison cell, the adept continues his chant, and wonders about the Prince who is said to be arriving into the casual through and via the obscene and horrid angles which are compounded in a numerical matrix of nine. And what of that pristine and immaculate Tempel ov Blood, inhabited by the Cruel Emperors and Empresses who walk, yet are not living?

As dry wood is consumed to the flame, so is the earth and the age which is present consumed by disruptive energies which issue forth from the living and physical nexions which are portals of the Aeon-to-come. As the night ends, the prisoner sits looking out into the same vista of metropolitan horror, though now the night has ended and the landscape is fogged with the humidity of a summer morning.

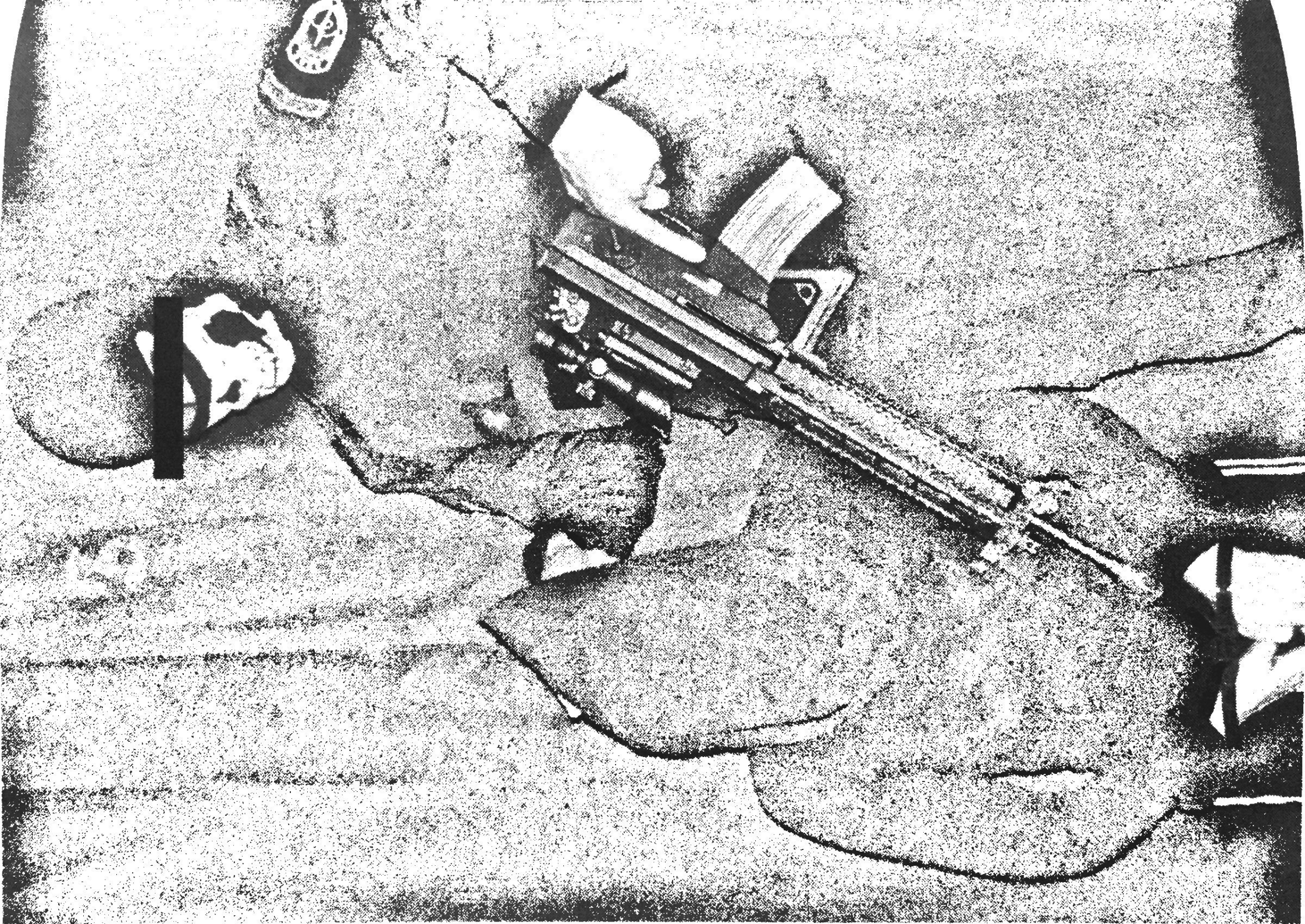
He knows that in two hours he will be led down the steel and concrete hall to the electrocution chamber by grim faced federal agents. Through his mind, every instance of memory begins to bubble up into his conscious awareness... Walking through vast forests with the ravens circling overhead... Being pelted with stones and bricks as he flew the swastika along with his comrades even in the most communist-infested neighborhoods. The faces and soft bodies of the many girls and others that he had loved, and, inevitably lost.

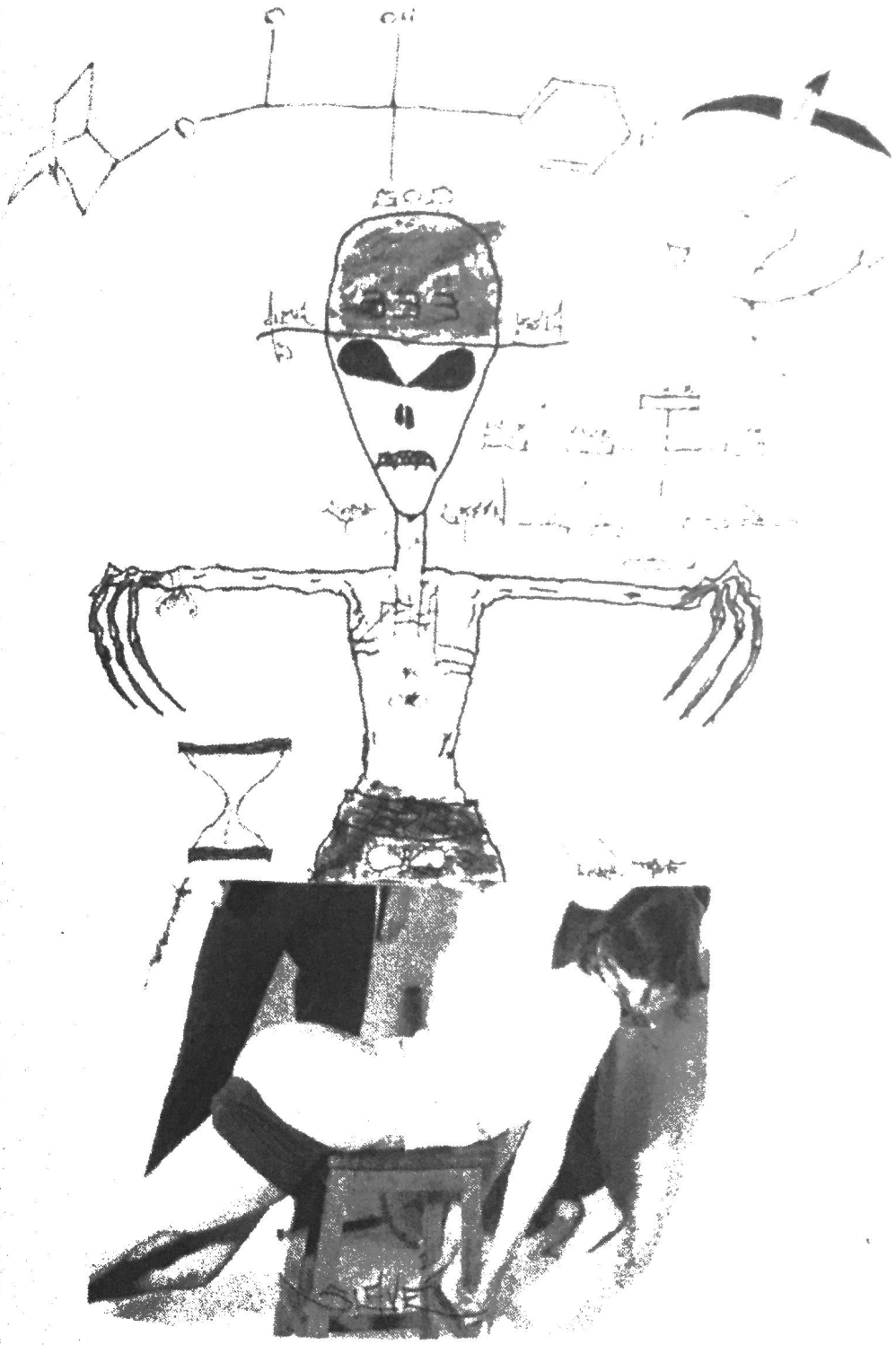
Suddenly he hears the turn of the lock and the grim-faced guard stands before him, ready to carry him on to his final walk towards burning and searing death by high voltage physical incapacitation.

Immediately before the hood is brought over his eyes, several minutes before the execution starts when he knows that he will convulse as his eyeballs liquefy and smoke arises from the busted sinews of his hands, a vision of Aeons past and Aeons to come is brought forth into his mind's eye.

The ram horned entity in the forest, along with the sensual throng of little children, wait for him anxiously. His tour of duty on this the casual plane was soon to end, but his purpose had been served. He had made the ultimate sacrifice. He had given a Gift to the Prince.

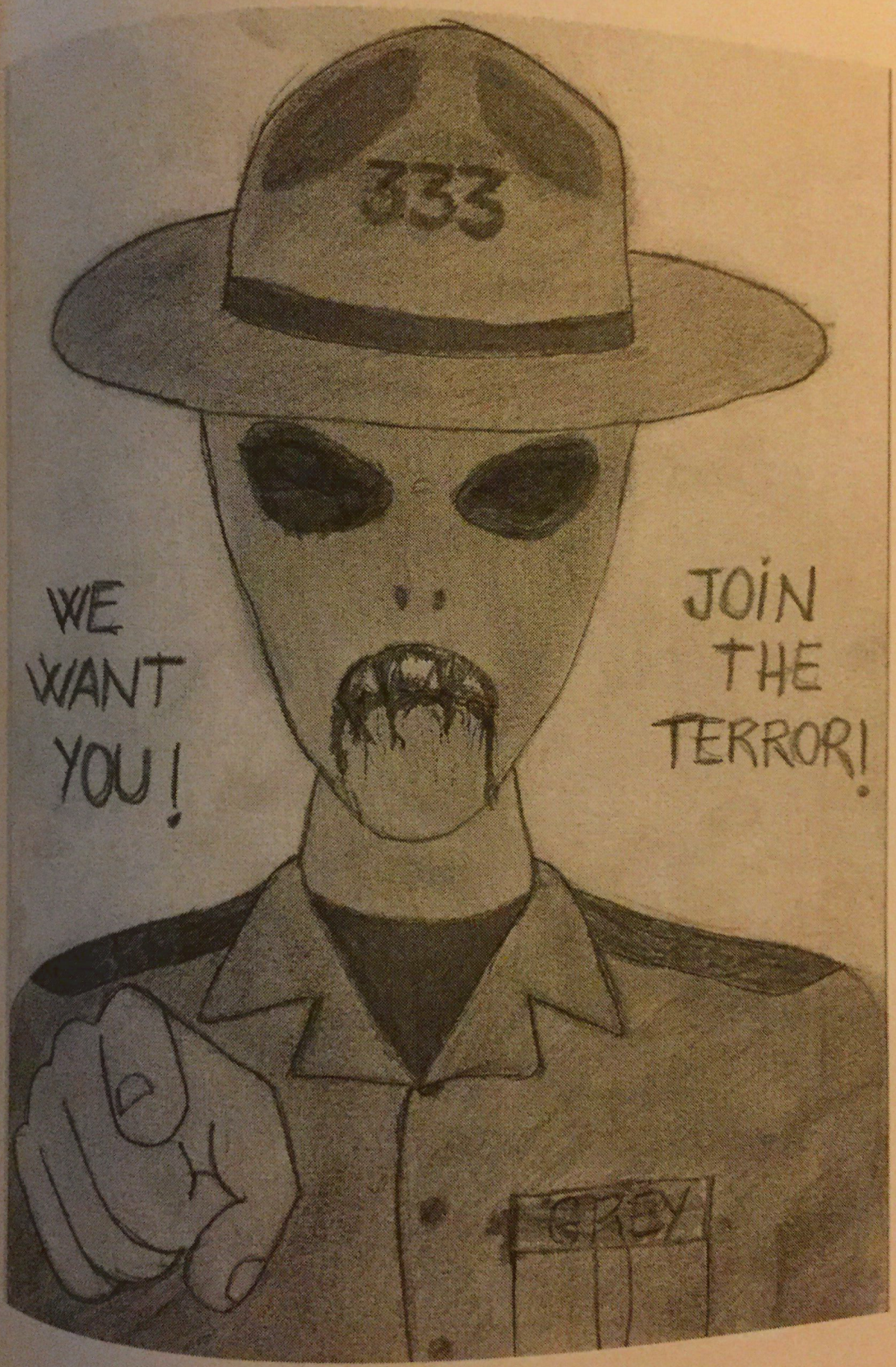
Wulsin Alys Blake
Ravensbruck Terra (Terror)
May 03, 03 ERA HORRIFICUS
Tempel ov Blood



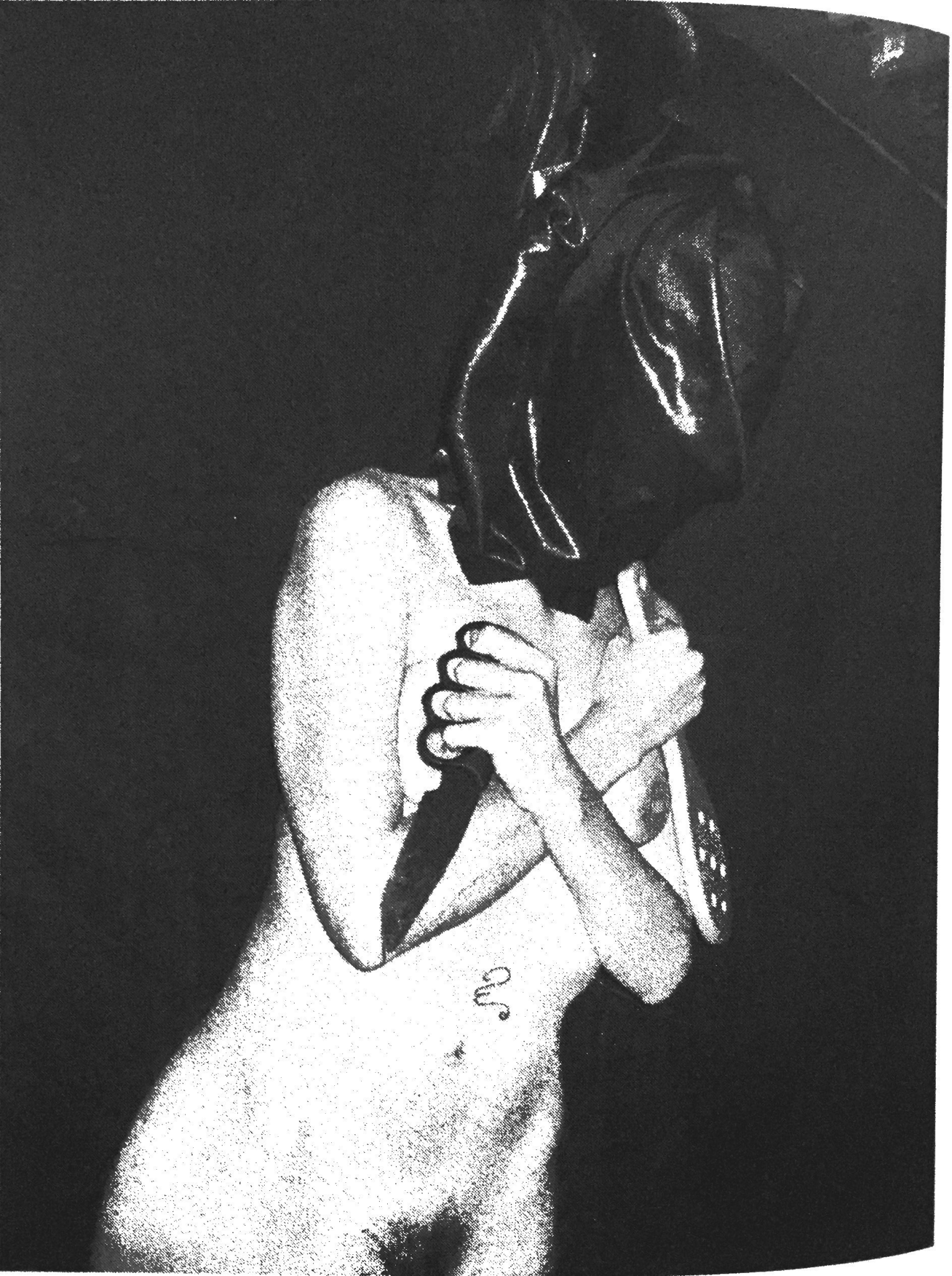


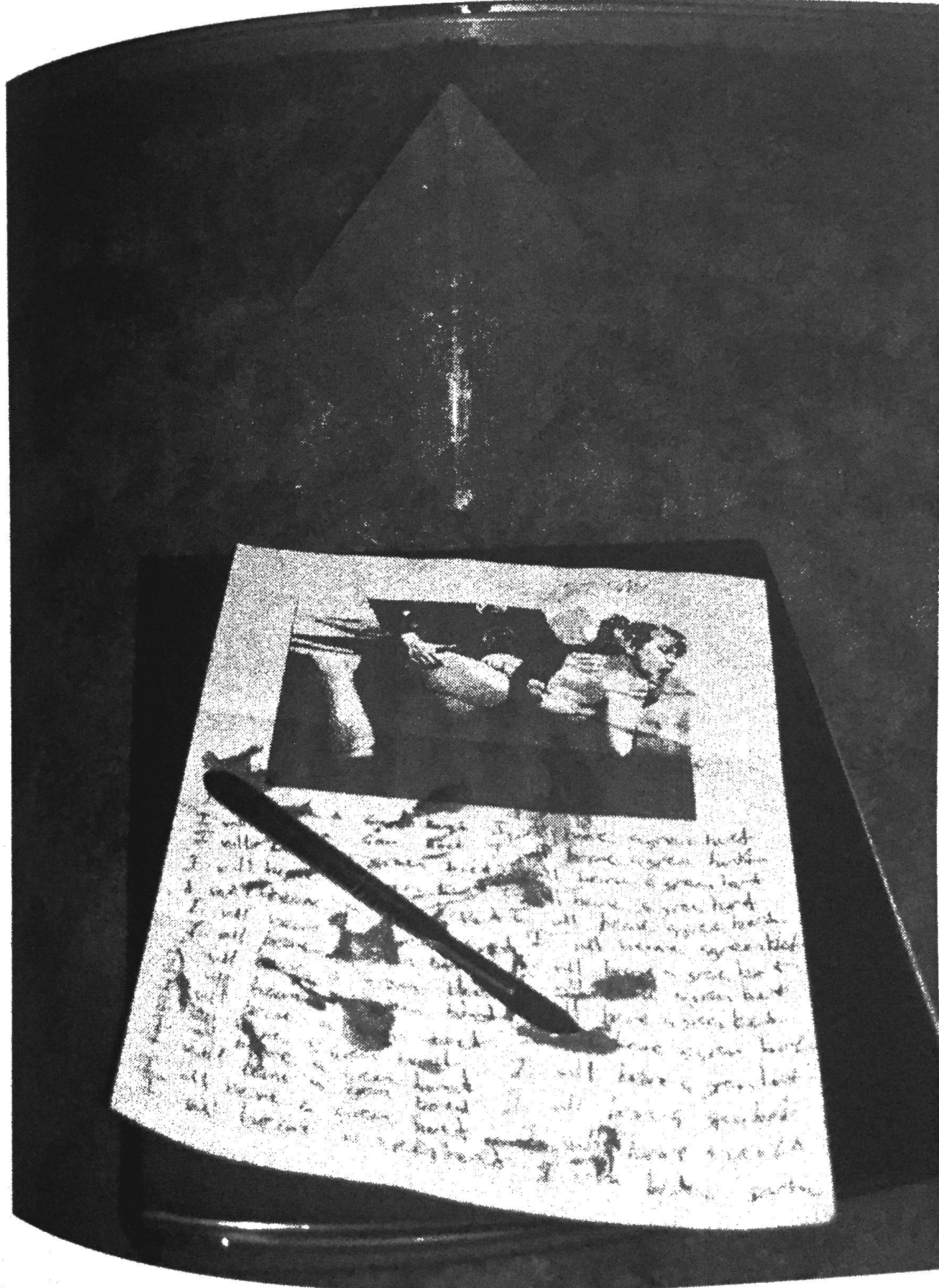
WILLOW TREE

SEE THE ALIEN ON THE HILL, LOCKED AND LOADED
AND READY TO KILL



RECRUITMENT





AZANIGIN – A TALE OF THE BLOOD

The following text is in dedication to and for the benefit of the Tempel ov Blood and those throughout America and the world who are traversing the dark, Sinister Path.

May the night winds of the north guide you towards the Final Harvest and an immaculate holocaust.

Agios O Azanigin!

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
July 31st 114yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

'I tremble in memory of a time when demons walked the earth, the various examples of their cookery billowing in the wind. But now, heads roll past my feet, encased in pastries! …
The Gates are aligned! They are returning!
Now is chaos…' C.B./O.N.A./S.I.R

AZANIGIN PT. I
DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

'Code Red, Code Red! We have a perimeter breach in sector four. Stephens. I repeat, code red!' The voice with the Midwestern accent boomed with an inhuman, electric lilt over the loudspeakers. Odd alarm bells sounded and red strobes began flashing throughout the lifeless, clinical white hallways. Burly men in white coats darted to and fro, shining flashlights down corridors, inside locked cell windows and elsewhere.

Stephens sat, undiscovered in a dark, unlit corner of a janitor's closet in abandoned sector Five. He could not remember how long he had been imprisoned inside Selven Institute. Had it been weeks? Months? Years? He did not know. He didn't even remember how, when or why he had ended up at Selven. He knew the name only because it emblazoned the side wall of the exercise yard he was permitted to use once a day, along with his fellow patients. The others who shared his plight in this place were of no help to him in providing relevant information. He has asked other patients in what town and province they were located, but his queries were met only with blank stares. The staff were hostile – they consisted of grotesque, barbaric quadroon with Islander accents and gibbering, greasy shylocks; the former being the orderlies and the latter being the hack 'doctors' and 'counselors'. The orderlies were not worthy of directing discourse towards – they spent their time alternately abusing the female invalids or making cacophonous racket with their uncivilized, pernicious accents and their vulgar, niggardly ways.

When he attempted to parley with the Jewish doctors for information regarding his whereabouts or situation, they smiled placidly and informed him in a condescending manner that 'Such is not part of your treatment plan' before ringing the buzzer which brought in the two ape orderlies who would brusquely usher him out of the office. His memory only consisted of brief snippets of persons and events, even these were garbled, and seemingly unconnected. The mind-numbing monotony of the place coupled with the involuntary injections of experimental chemical tinctures which were administered to him each morning did not aid his task of realistically determining his situation. The memories he did have were of a dream-like quality, contrast as they were with the 'total reality' of the institution. He remembered a girl standing upon a narrow walking bridge deep in a hardwood forest. The girl laughed as she poured ashes into the autumn air, watching them float downward and dissolve in the churning stream waters beneath. Cloistered in dark trees to the left, beyond the bridge, a robed figure chanted in droning intonations as the female continued to whimsically perform her mysterious task. Another time he remembered crossing the border into the United States, driving up along the Michigan thumb and then west towards Saginaw. He remembered the drive vividly: he had been alone, accompanied only by the sounds of Eckart's concerto in B minor issuing forth from his car stereo and the dark expanses of Lake Huron which beckoned to him from out the passenger side window. He remember arriving in the city of Saginaw at night and meeting two grim, sinister men in an abandoned parking lot from which could be seen a silo in the distance. After leaving his car and entering the men's vehicle they set off on a lengthy drive. The driver circled aimlessly

around city blocks and sometimes took a ramp on the freeway, only to be back at a spot which they had already been to a half-hour before. The last hour of the journey he rode blindfolded, crouched in fetal position on the backseat before being stood erect and led out of the car, up a flight of steps and into a building. Once inside, the blindfold was removed. Before him sat three figures seated around a circular, kitchenette-style table. Behind them was a large bay window, from which the soft glow of pre-sunrise emanated. He had been riding around with the men for near an entire night. The man seated upon the right side of the table wore a thick beard and wore the clothes of an outlaw biker. He looked to be in his early thirties, though there were streaks of white in his hair and dark circles under his eyes. Despite his ruffian vestments, the clothes and look seemed to be affected – almost like a disguise.

In the centre sat a man of charisma – younger than the other fellow, but probably not by much. His vestments were soot black, and a silver necklace bearing a disturbing amulet rested upon his chest. Although the man was by all means well-dressed and of an affluent appearance, there was something harrowing about his aura. Stephens remembered that, during the colloquy that followed, he was never able to look into the face of the black clad figure for more than a few seconds at a time.

To the left was a seated female. For all practical purposes she appeared to be morally wholesome and, furthermore, quite attractive. Yet, there was a strange, abnormal emaciation to her - her eyes seemed to dart to and fro, exuding a deranged dominance and masochism towards vague, nameless forces

simultaneously. Upon her lap sat a grey cat, which purred contentedly as the female absently stroked the creature's fur.

He recalled that there had been little verbal discussion then, as the sun slowly rose in the east. The woman hummed strange tunes and the bearded chap sat as if entranced, smoking countless numbers of cigarettes.

The black clad figure in the centre sat, simply gazing forwards incessantly. Stephen's stared down at his humble shoes – better that than submitting himself to looking towards the person, who he now knew must be the Master.

They occupied that schedule for many hours, long after the sun had rose and began its noonward course. The bearded chap smoked in silence. The female hummed. The cat purred. The Master stared. Stephens was never offered to sit and join them and, he was not inclined to start any sort of conversation given the menacing, eldritch currents which he perceived to be emanating from the triumvirate.

All at once, the cat jumped from the woman's lap and rubbed against Stephens' leg mewing thrice as it was. The two men left the table and exited quickly. After the feline scampered after them, the woman ceased her humming; turning towards Stephens and beckoning him towards her. As he walked closer she rose; beginning to run her hands across his back and kissing him passionately. She led him towards the living room and then flung him upon the ground. She stripped off her rather old-fashioned clothes and then attacked: ripping off his trousers and then entering onto him, straddled. She began bucking ruthlessly, molesting him, hissing and uttering oaths

as her fists pummeled his chest and her cleft brought him closer and closer to climax.

Near the end of the amorous adventure, the woman began shouting the word 'AZANIGIN' at the top of her lungs, over and over again. She stared down Stephens with wild eyes, the uncontrollable mood of the berserker. After that, his memory started to blur. He remembered the men returning and bringing him take-out food, treating him as if he was a dear friend they had known for many years. He recalled seeing the bearded fellow slice open his own chest, letting the blood drip into a pewter mug. Stephens remembers being forced to drink that blood, and after that only chaos and calamity followed.....

After he returned to Canada, alone by way of Port Huron a constant dread filled his days and nights. Physical sickness broke his health and contorted his features. He worked for days on end, towards goals so terrible he desired not to recall them. Whenever nervousness would overtake him and start to bring about fatigue and total mental and physical collapse, the image of the woman and her songs would visit him at night – reassuring him. After such nocturnal episodes he would approach his tasks with renewed vigor, knowing that his deeds would be pleasing to the Mistress.

His last memories before Selven were chaotic – the feel of the concussion of high explosives, a red, harvest moon, a military installment deep in the northern territories, the sigil of Azanigin drawn in blood....

And now he crouched in the blackness, the alarm bells

screeching through the long corridors – the pulsing red lights trickling in from the slats on the door.

A shadowy image materialized before him. The Master! The holographic form uttered one word: 'Come!' He burst forth from the closet as the image dematerialized, armed with a broken broom handle and a bottle of acid. The next day the escape made the papers all over Canada. Weeks, then months passed. Stephens was nowhere to be found.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
July 27th, 114yf eh
Tempel ov Blood

AZANIGIN PT. II
THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY

Deep within a forest in the southern United States, a young boy of seven years sat intently watching the smoldering embers of a huge bonfire. The curling smoke blocked out the twilight sky and traversed down the slopes of the gentle hills upon which many paths had been hewn. Women with very long laureled hair and bearded men in stained leather jerkins and moccasins moved amongst the forest. They were silent – listening to the funeral beat of the tabor and the single cantor chanting the 'Diabolus' in the traditional meter. They were watching, ever watching. Their eyes were upon the boy. He pretended not to notice, pretending that he was simply captivated by the burning embers. He knew, however...He knew who he was and what he was. And staring into the last dying flames of the fire, he was aware of what was transpiring in the wide world, beyond the wood. He saw a man, curled up inside the trunk of a small Asian-made car as it passed the border from Canada into Buffalo, New York. The man was wearing stained, white shirt and trousers – the vestments of a medical prisoner. The boy smiled, staring absently into the fire.

The man had been on the run now for several days, and the mind-numbing effects of his involuntary medication had begun to wear off. He remembered why he had been institutionalized - for breaking into a Canadian Intelligence Agency farm deep in the Yukon territory. When interrogated, he had told the authorities exactly what he had been up to. Being human and afflicted with the common Magian fault of gross short-sightedness, they did not believe him. Furthermore, they

thought he was 'crazy' and had sent him to Selven without much ado.

Now, he was loose. The boy's smile grew wider. All was beginning to come together. The Sinister seeds which had been planted years ago were now beginning to bear their fearsome fruit. Elsewhere in the world, civil war, terrorism, plague, and famine were turning the earth towards it's terminal stage. At the Acasual gate near Saturn, the entities who are not to be named strained at the door of their prison. They, too, would soon break free. And then, then would come true, *solvet saclum in favilla*. Twilight had ended and true, black, country dark was now upon the rural community in which the boy dwelt. The men and women drew closer, all round him.

The burly men dragged a naked girl of nineteen towards the fire, stopping to strap her face down and spread-eagled to a large circular wheel upon which was etched all the sigils of the Dark Gods.

A young girl clad in crimson robes approached the boy from the east. She was small, only eight years old herself, yet her eyes shone with a preternatural intelligence that was far beyond her years. She smiled, kissing the boy on the cheek and handing him a thick, braided whip.

An ancient hag began turning a crank which, in turn, set the wheel in motion. Visions of explosions and horror filled the boy's mind. At each intermittent beat of the tabor, the boy struck out with his whip. The screams of the teenager filled the night sky, drifting into the ethers. The congregants began dancing widdershins around the torture shouting…

'Azanigin...Azanigin...'

AZANIGIN PT. III
A CLANDESTINE BURNING

'Illuminated children, ride the north wind towards my secrets! Moriah! Moriah, Moriah! The conquering and destroying night wind! Blow through the ruins of this Nazarene church which has been immolated for Our Dark Prince! Scatter ashes of the earth which has been scorched for thy pleasure!'

The gathered congregants hissed the name of the Master as a hot breeze whispered through the trees, reigniting the embers still smoldering on the charred wood which used to be the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle. The Mistress, dressed in a hunting suit of green camouflage, snapped her fingers at two congregants who quickly came to her side. The other congregants slowly withdrew, melting into the woodlands of a southern pre-dawn. Having received their instructions from the Mistress, the two remaining congregants walked towards the burnt husk of an inverted cross which stood in the graveyard adjoining the church grounds. Grunting, the two men lifted the cross and flipped it to upright position before reinserting it back into the earthen hole.

The, they too drifted into the forest with the rest of the congregants – walking upon well-memorized paths to their waiting vehicles located at a hunting cabin only half a mile through the forested acreage on the left side of the former church. Utter silence permeated the morning, the tread of the retreating Satanists were quiet and steady, and the mistress gazed at her handiwork before withdrawing into the forest herself.

'*Azanigin, Azanigin, Agios O Azanigin*!' she softly spoke. A faint smile came upon her lips as she turned her back on the incinerated scene and walked into the copse of pines which stood beckoning before her.

'Breaking news at five o'clock!'

The jingoistic sounds of the evening news broadcast filtered into the kitchen where Kathleen, a plump southern woman of thirty-five years busily stirred her biscuit dough in premeditation of her husband's arrival at six o'clock. Her husband was an officer of the Mississippi State Police, and was not one who liked to be kept waiting when it came time for supper.

'This morning in the outskirts of Meridian, the elderly pastor of the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle drove to his church only to find it reduced to ash! A charred cross was found in the adjoining cemetery which echoes the reverend's suspicions that the arson was the work of a militant Ku Klux Klan faction that has been operating in the area since late last year.'

Kathleen continued to stir, staring absently into the swirling batter. She peered out the window, still summer bright. A buzzard flew down from one of the backyard pines and started picking at the corpse of a half-eaten rabbit situated by the back by the beginning of the woods. Kathleen smiled to herself. Just at that moment, her little tabby kitten, Nythra, came slinking through the doggie-door. Nythra's mouth was reddened with blood from the now deceased coney.

'Oh you silly little cat!'

Kathleen looked down lovingly at the feline, who purred and licked her lips.

Suddenly Kathleen noticed that there was a bit of blackish liquid in the dough. Flummoxed, she peered closer. As she did, a few drops of ash fell from her hair onto the formica kitchen counter.

'Mental not to self – must wash hair before Ryan comes home.' She scooped the offending batter out of the dish and grabbed a rubber band from the windowsill tying her luxurious mane into a quick ponytail.

Peter Saunders, more commonly known to his friends as 'P. Ugly' , roughly scraped his scalp with the military brush, sending nappy little black springs showering down onto the dilapidated food-stained couch.

'Goddamn honkey cracker trash!'

Peter threw his brush at the wall, which simply dropped to the floor with an anticlimactic thud. Peter had been in a very bad mood all day long. He was never a religious man except in his younger years, and even then that was forced. He had no time for the white man's religion or the white man's bible. His father, on the other hand, was the pastor of the little Meridian chapel which had been burned to the ground, apparently by the Klan, sometime last night.

Painful crawling sensations went up Peter's arm. He shivered, breaking out into a cold sweat. No goddamn money, no goddamn crack in town tonight, and some muther-fucking honkey cracker burned down the only real black church in the area.

Saunders reached into his gym bag and took out his shiny MAC-11 fully automatic nine mil. machine pistol. That brought a smile back to his face.

Enough is enough! There are enough crackers running around thinking that Mississippi was still a backwards southern province where niggers could be mistreated anytime they took a liking to do so. Talk never gets the job done, it was time for a little payback.

He grabbed his pack of Newport menthols and shoved his gun into his oversized Raiders jacket before heading out to the pathetically small section of town that passed as 'inner city'. He knew one thing – a white man was going to die tonight!

'Sho' nuff!'

With that, he headed out the door, locking it behind him.

Kathleen's husband Ryan burped loudly before setting down his beer and reaching into his uniform pocket to withdraw a Pall Mall, which he promptly lighted with a big, tacky fireplace lighter. He didn't really know why he liked using the ultra-flame instead of a more conventional lighter, shit, he just liked fire was all!

Ryan took a long draw, exhaling through his nostrils before tapping his first ash into an equally tacky 'Dukes of Hazzard' ashtray before beginning his evening lecture. Hating to spoil the moment, Kathleen flitted her eyes in a feigned exhibition of feminine expectancy before Ryan began his spill about his day at the barracks.

'How was work honey?'

'Well baby doll, I weren't at the barracks, no ma'am. We had a situation on our hands all day today and prob'ly will all tamarra to boot. Some crazy Klansmen done went and burnt down the nigger church out on Maple Shade Road. That's gonna cause all sorts of hell and tarnation, you bet on it sweet cheeks.'

Kathleen feigned shock and began to carefully phrase her next question.

'How did you find out it the Klan honey?'

Ryan stubbed out his Pall Mall before picking up the ultraflame to light another one.

'Oh hell baby, we know who dunnit. We got a big burnt up cross in the old Simon's cemetery – a black cemetery, Simon's is. It's probably those boys who rolled in from Alabama and set up shop last year. The Militant White Knights as they call themselves. I hate to go after those fellas, but they are crazier than a rabid coon and shit, I'll get a hefty pay raise if I catch some Kluxers – you know how the pretty biddies down at

Channel Five are all the time wanting to bust down on the Klan in these parts.'

'Yes honey, I know...'

That same night, Harvey Goldberg stood at the speaker's lectern at the Community Town Center in inner city Meridian. Goldberg wasn't his real name, he was actually a Sicilian. However, he had learned that while participating in his current insight role as a 'Communist agitator' , the illusion of being jewish helped endear him that much more to the local black community.

With a flourish he unclasped his hand and let a rivulet of ash fall down into the basket which had been strategically placed in front of the lectern for just the purpose.

'ASHES! ASHES!'

He shouted with feigned vehemence before whirling behind the speaker's podium and in front of the microphone.

'This my brothers and sisters..' (that proclamation itself was greeted with a smattering of 'yes brother' and 'fight the power' from the illiterate crowd of human chattel which sat, spellbound, before his oratory).

'This is a sign of HATRED which has engulfed the state of Mississippi for far too long! This is the HATRED that must be utterly razed and destroyed if we are to live as a socialist democracy as prophecied by Karl Marx. As prophocied by Martin Luther King...'

As soon as the last syllable came out of his mouth, shouts of awe and afro glory burst forth from the audience with a hysteria akin to a college football game. The small black stone embedded in the sleek silver ring on Goldberg's left hand seemed to twinkle in the light as he smiled.

'And we know brothers that the racists, the capitalists that they are, are NOT going to give up peacefully! We must take to the streets! We must drag them from their homes! To protect the sovereignty our ideals promulgate, we must destroy their security in outmoded racist ways! Tomorrow… we march!

'Hello, it's five o'clock on the hour'.

Old man Calhoun sat in his god awful summer-hot lawnmower repair shop as the crackling voice of the announcer came through the beat-up speakers of his transistor radio.

'Meridian for the last week has been a hotbed of racial strain. Beginning with the burning of the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle, an outcry against the racist presence in the city has led to the recent march by the Urban Equality League through the streets of Meridian this afternoon. No disturbances were reported. In other news, an unsolved shooting took place near the corner of Samson and Elm yesterday evening. The victim was twelve year old Amanda Keats, an honor roll student at Meridian Middle School…'

In other news, unrelated my ass! Thought Calhoun. He massaged the arthritic fingers of his left hand as he thought. No one on the news would dare the truth, that a damn uppity

nigger coon had been seen riding around the Samson heights neighborhood only five minutes before the Keats girl was shot. He came around that tasty tidbit of information at the barbershop, a good a place as any for gathering intelligence.

The year 2005, and getting worse by the month. Who was going to stand up for that Keats girl? Certainly not the sheriff's, they were too busy moaning about what a 'great tragedy for the city' it was that the damn nigger church got burned to the ground.

Hell, back in better days he and some buddies would have took a few uppity coons at nightfall and hung em' up high to keep their place! That weren't gonna do no good now, no how. Just then old man Calhoun had a vision, a vision of him and his trusty Sportsman sniper rifle on the rooftop at the next march by that damned commie red League march.

Somewhere deep in the North Carolina woods...

A young boy sat swaddled in black before a huge crystal tetrahedron which had come all the way from a distributor in London, England.

Before him lay a map of Mississippi and a satellite phone. 'Just like Osma Bin Laden's' thought the boy, and chuckled to himself.

Around him, shrouded in the darkness of the trees, stood the members of his Satanist cult. At the sound of the gong, the chanting of the 'Diabolus' began. Softly at first, then gaining

volume until it was a frenzied sinister cacophony the emanated from the dark boughts of the trees.

The boy's eyes narrowed.

With surgical precision, he began pricking the dot on the map that was designated with the legend 'MERIDIAN'.

'Dies Irae, Dies Illa, Solvet Saeclum In Favilla…
Teste Satan Cum Sabiylla.. Quantos Tremor Est
Futurus… Cuncta Stricte Discussurus…
Aperiatur Stella et germinet Atazoth.'

The sound brings down a starless night.
Suddenly, all is dark, all is silent. The Satanists
Have disappeared into the woods

Old man Calhoun sat sweating atop the Feed and Seed in meridian. Cradled in his arm was the sniper rifle. The sound of a throng chanting 'We Shall Overcome' drifted through the summer breeze. The Urban Equality League was only a block away and would be turning the corner soon.

'Honey baby, I think maybe you should call the FBI'. Ryan sat with Kathleen over a bowl of grits before heading out to a day which he really didn't wasn't to come. In an hour state police would be raiding the farm that served as headquarters for the Militant White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. The FBI was ready to come out at a moments notice, and Ryan had only to give the word for the big guns to come in.

'Yeah sweetie, I think that would be a good idea.'

Ryan walked into the mudroom and got on the old rotary phone. Fifteen minutes later, sixty FBI agents equipped with silenced M-16's were on their way to the rendezvous point three miles from the farm.

'They are going to come! Mark my words kinsman!'

Walter Shivley stood in the converted barn which stood converted into what? Nothing more than a barn with a lectern and some old benches, which served as the church and political meeting hall of the White Knoghts.

'The Great Beast 666 has conspired against us!

The Satanic Black race will not stop their pillage and they are going to employ the Beastly government to attempt to smash our white resistance! Yes brothers, we'll give them our guns, but we'll give them our bullets first!'

The small group erupted with oaths and curses as men fed rounds into their assault rifles and pumped their shotguns. Shively beamed, putting his hands down so he could scratch his arm through his black uniform shirt.

Walter Shively always wore long sleeves when he went to speak to his men. That was the only way he could cover up the tattoo of the LIDAGON sigil and the Black Goat of Destruction which were on his left forearm. Having that exposed amongst these rednecks, well, that just wouldn't be expedient, not at all.

Kathleen sat naked in her bathroom, masturbating with an inverted cross while staring at the Sinister Tarot image of the sphere of Mars. Her pale thighs began to tremble as she neared climax. She began to pant the words 'Azanigin... Azanigin... Azanigin...'

As the Klansmen took positions around the farm, waiting for the siege to start (they had been tipped off by their source in the State police, who called herself 'Cathy', no one knew who she was, except Shivley of course.) Shivley took off in his beautiful BMW mini cooper. BURZUM'S 'Hvis Lyset Tar Oss' blared through his state of the art speakers. Shively grinned.

A rifle shot made a loud report through the crowded city blocks. A grotesquely obese octoroon woman fell to the ground, her brain blown out the back of her skull. The crowd halted and screamed. An old white man stood up from the roof of the feed and seed, waving his hands excitedly. 'Hey you commie niggers, hey coon, how you like that hurting I put on your mammie!'. He laughed and ducked before the crowd started throwing bricks which happened to be piled in front of the feed and seed. I wonder who put them there? Must have been one of those crazy black metal kids from the suburbs, stealing from the brickyard and then abandoning his quarry before the cops rounded the corner.

Within four hours the city was in a state of emergency. Rioting had spread like wildfire, caused by the agitation of one Mr. Goldberg and started by the violent members of the Leninist Communist Brigade, which likened to operate under the corporate nom de plume of the Urban Equality League. The television news (the media center that hadn't been destroyed

by the fires set by the ever-increasing horde of blacks) reported at five o'clock that the governor had called in the National Guard. A complete report was due in at eleven o'clock.

Special Agent Anderson started to walk towards the nondescript gold van before stopping and reaching into his pocket. He withdrew a small laminated picture. On it was a strange symbol with the word 'BUDSTURGA' at the bottom. The ruby in his sleek golden ring upon his left hand seemed to twinkle in the afternoon light. He called on his cell phone to headquarters.

'Hello, this is FBI Quantico.'

'Hello Quantico, this is Special Agent Anderson at the Kluxer Farm. We've got a situation here. We've had some flash bang hand grenades thrown at our men from several different locations, and we've got a lunatic screaming from a megaphone that they have women and children as hostages. They want to negotiate.'

'What do they want Andy?'

'They're demanding to be given the entire northeast United Stated to be used for a White Aryan Bastion.'

'Godalmighty, this is going to be worse than Waco.'

Anderson grinned like a kid in a candy store before assuming a grim tone to continue the ridiculously funny conversation.

'It may be sir, it very well may be.'

Petey Saunders had driven across the state line and was now in Louisiana. He had more guns, and he had some crack. And killing on crack was, well, you'd have to ask him really to get the full story. PUFF DADDY AND The FAMILY bumped and noddled out of his old dilapidated speakers as he drove into the night. He now had already five notches on his MAC-11 - five white honkey crackers dead. Sho nuff', they was gonna be a lot mo' crackers in Louisiana, that's for damn sure, niggah.

There was a celebration at the rural community which sat deep in the southern woods. Stephens, having escaped Canada had finally arrived. What is more, he had brought a few congregants from the temple in Saginaw.

Voluptuous, naked females danced in an eastern fashion around the flames of the fire. Stephens and another man sat off in the shadows, talking quietly to one another.

'It's happening.'

'I know.'

'The mother of demons?'

'She has been evoked.'

'The goddess of Destruction, in physical form upon the earth.'

'Yes, she is here at last.'

'Agios O Azanigin....'

Questions:

1. How many Satanists are there within the characters of 'A Clandestine Burning'? Name them and explain the roles that they assumed and why.
2. There is a very important part of the 'Diabolus' Chant missing in the text. What line is missing? Write down that text, the English translation and explain the significance of the coming of Vindex.
3. What sort of techniques could be used to esoterically influence a geographical area with acasual energies? From the text it seems that the rural community was in North Carolina while the 'presenting' is several states away, in Mississippi. How does this work? What is 'remote viewing'?
4. What is the significance of 'the rings' and in what stage of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path does one traditionally procure such a ring?
5. Which character in this story was the most adverse affected by the Sinister forces which were being unleashed by the Satanists?
6. Make a list of extremist political groups and religious groups (right-wing, left-wing or otherwise) that you can think of off the top of your head. Now, pick three of them and write an essay on what potential those groups could have if they were remotely controlled by Noctulians.
7. What is the significance of the cat in the story? Explain what a 'familiar' is according to witchcraft.

OCEAN OF BLOOD

Thick dew began to form on the ground around him as the early morning neared 3AM. He had been standing there for hours in a sort of coma like trance. From an outsider it might appear as if he had died while standing there. Perhaps he did... Luckily for him this was a deserted and isolated place, free of interrupting life forms for miles. He had picked this place wisely; or rather it was picked for him from the very force he sought and whom guided him there.

He had been calling out to her from inside, reaching deeper than his very soul. He did not use words, for words could neither describe nor could sounds comprehend her glorious sinistral power. Time ceased to exist as he drifted through astral vortex's searching for her. Perhaps he had always been in this place and his so-called life was just a minor 'speed bump' in his pursuit. At this point who was to know, who was to tell?

He heard a whisper echoing through the astral vortex's which he now explored; though the sound was not like a sound you would hear with your ears, it was more like a brainwave or an external impulse. The whisper was elongated and distorted as if breaking through a natural border of causal experience and seemed to carry on. It was his name.

Before he could respond, he felt pulled back to what seemed to be where he had been standing for the last several hours. He opened his eyes to what should have been a forested landscape but instead saw only blackness. When his eyes regained proper vision he began to see a glow off in the distance. A glow which

neither consisted of color, nor was it white. Instead, an atmosphere of relentless cold emanated from the glow. Looking closer, or perhaps it was moving towards him, he could see that it was not one glow but in fact were two piercing cold, black crystallized eyes which seemed to stare right through him.

He felt a cold hand touch his naked shoulder and immediately begin to drain him of his human life. Turning around to face his great and terrible Mother, his entire body became soaked in cold sweat. Seeing only her black eyes, countless nightmarish visions of demonic beings and abyssal landscapes were shown to him. One of which being the end of his own life. The cold sweat swept over him like a hurricane rain and he felt as though he was submerged into liquid. Closing his eyes as to look away from the nightmarish visions for moment and reopening them, he saw only a vast sea of blood without horizon or end. He found himself drowning in the black blood abyss in an attempt to save his life, but it was too late.

In life he loathed existence, and when he opened himself to Satan, he sought Lilith to guide him through his transformation of inner alchemy. He wanted to find his place beside the Lord in the Kingdom of Hell.

Tonight Lilith answered his prayers. He would step beyond existence and enter the abyss willing or not.

Struggling and suffocating, the endless black and crimson ocean poured down his throat and into his lungs. His body became heavier and his chest began to burn, he now drifted

down into the sea of no end, giving in to his fate, abandoning all hope and leaving life behind.

The burning in his chest intensified and seemed to spread throughout his body as he fell deeper, he could see Lilith looking at him, the eyes reflecting darkness down into the ocean from the non- descript black sky like duel eclipses. His body ignited into black flames as he now began to ascend back to the surface. Rising from the sea, the flames slithered around his body like snakes devouring and casting aside his flesh. No longer did he exist, rising as pure fire from the sea of blood and forming into burning wings. The invisible rising fire transcended the causal going beyond the abyss leaving the former in ashes…

Nightmare Tyrant
Black Lodge Discipline Center
120 yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA

You lay down upon a shiny black leather couch. All around you is the atmosphere that you have created within the vast Victorian home that you use as the nerve-center of the Satanic Temple that you formed many, many years ago. The house was bought with money obtained via one of your international banking deals – selling several overseas businesses to an Arab developer who paid you handsomely. He paid so well, as a matter of fact, that you have for the last half-decade been living off the profits and been able to focus exclusively on workings of Aeonic Magick and personally training the next generation of Tempel adepts along with the help of Greta, your Satanic Mistress whom you encountered for the first time years ago while on a business trip in the mountains of Switzerland. Of course, all of these things: the Mistress, the business empire and it's consequent affluence came after many years of hardship and toil, and not of the sort which would be first thought in the minds of many who see the kind of person that you are now. You spent five years imprisoned after a large sedition conspiracy that the revolutionary group you were part of turned bad, and the government intervened. The best part of those five years was spent in isolation, in solitary confinement. The other parts were spent undergoing what they (the prison system) referred to as 'diesel therapy' – traveling for weeks across the country in buses owned by the correctional dept., shackled and equipped with an electronic device attached to the manacles that would issue a high voltage shock at the press of a button from one of the guards.

Before your prison term and before you began to get involved

with the revolutionary group which referred to themselves as 'Black August', you had been a hermit: living alone deep within the Appalachian mountains of North Carolina. While living that life (which you did, for many, many years) you composed several symphonies which have since been used and sold, via a fake name, to a movie company. Little did the company know (which went on to use the score on rather popular pictures) that within the music itself was sorcery, notes and movements tailor-created to effect subtle change in the psyche and spirits of the listeners. In one large metropolitan city, the murder rates in the inner city spiked forty percent during the three weeks after the opening night of the film. Few, very few indeed realized the connection at all.

Memories are now piled upon memories, and insights upon insights. As you lay upon the couch you look around you: the rich mahogany shelves lined with tomes of British bound books, bound in the finest leather and inscribed upon crisp, vellum pages. Lamps and chairs from the most reputable shops...In the corner, sitting upon a lectern the color of onyx, is an object bundled in black silk. A hint of sadness moves across your face for you know that within that black silk lies a crystal tetrahedron. The same crystal tetrahedron that was bought for you by a Satanic Mistress of decades past who, after summoning Budsturga high upon the snow-capped peaks of Colorado, became possesses and jumped from a cliff into the chasm below. You had somewhat snapped out of your own grim Acasual preoccupations only in time to go and peer over the cliff and see her body impaled gruesomely upon a bare limb of aspen – her head and naked body having been broken and bloodied upon the chaotic rock formations that are only found in the mountains outside of Denver.

As you look closely you begin to notice a faint glimmer of purplish light emanating from the silk-encased bundle. The scent within the room in which you are now lying begins to smell with the sweetness of petrichor and with a faint hint of sulphur. Far in the distance, you begin to hear the somber chanting of the Adepts deep in the woods on the border of your estate as they go about their night's work. A certain group of White Lodge Magians have been causing problems for one of the key covert members of the Tempel and the Adepts were now issuing forth from their cells beneath the mansion to enter into that secret place in the woods where the rituals of the Tempel were enacted.

As the chanting in the forest grows fainter and the sweet smell begins to increase, you begin to feel apprehensive and sense a certain kind of foreboding – like that felt by a slave before their punishment or a sweet young virgin as the evening approaches upon her wedding to a cruel, calculating member of Royalty. Slowly a form begins to materialize above you – it is female, and her form and expressions ooze a sensuality of the blackest and most sinister sort.

Like the rapid fire of a weapon, images begin to be forced into your mind, picture-shows intruding upon the casual which is slowly eroding as the power of the Dark Gods grow stronger premeditating the soon breaking of the Gates. Upon a dark English moors you see a blonde female figure grimly seated upon a rock...in her left hand she holds the severed head of a man. The blood from the large gaping wound which compromises the area where his neck used to be drips a congealed stream of blood onto the black, muddy grounds

which forms rivulets in the dirt and flows into the ditch behind the figure.

Suddenly you hear a scream issuing forth from the forest. Later you come to find out that one of the Adepts was the victim of what appeared to be a freak accident – an unseen force seeming to suddenly push him into the large bonfire in the depths of the forest.

As the Adepts begin to pull the charred corpse of their former brother out from the dying embers of the bonfire in the forest, far to the north, a different scenario entirely is taking place...

On a deserted strip of country highway in southern Vermont, Greta, the Satanic Mistress, shifts her sleek automobile into overdrive as the ending strains of Christos Beest's 'Self-Immolation Rite' begins to fade out on her top of the art car stereo system. 'Go forth Dark Messiah – the world is yours, destroy and create!' proclaims Beest, accompanied by a synthesized cacophony of sound that is ingrained with the spirit of the Galactic Aeon.

Greta smiles to herself and brushes away a bit of deep red hair that had fallen across her right eye. Her trip had been a success. She had been visiting one of her lovers, who also doubled as an intelligence agent for the Sinister Path who had successfully infiltrated a sector of the Magian cult which was currently operating out of a serene farm amidst the sprawling Vermont forests.

Her lover, Sarah, led several different lives at once. Or, to explicate more correctly, she had progressed sufficiently in

personal and magickal aspects to be able to move with fluidity between several different arenas of operation in which she worked, tirelessly, for the cause of expanding and enacting the Sinister Dialectic.

Sarah's current job (amongst others) was that of a dominatrix in a seedy semi-metropolitan New England town. Her establishment, which was owned by the Tempel, was called 'The Convent' and inhabited a simple, multi-sectioned one story home with a basement on the outskirts of town. Very few of the town residents knew what was housed in that unimposing dark oak structure. The sign which identified it as 'The Convent' was a smallish, wooden engraved board which hung unobtrusively near the ironwork gate bordering the road. Once one came into the establishment itself, many wonders of the erotic could be viewed and enacted, usually for a fee of some sort. The Convent was by and large patronized by the upper-crust elite and was known, in certain circles, worldwide. The patrons came from a diverse population, but all of them were usually either rich, and if not, they were sufficiently decadent to pay the fee required of them to gain entrance to the Convent and all it's marvelous and sadistic secrets. Sometimes, only at Greta's approval, monetary fees were waived for individuals who were earmarked as being particularly possessing of a certain kind of potential. They were divided into two categories: one being individuals who showed potentials to possibly become privy to the Sinister doctrines of the Tempel ov Blood, the others being individuals who, for one reason or another, seemed to be of correct 'calibre' to be bestowed the honor of becoming an opfer for the glory of Our Prince, Satan.

At one o'clock promptly in the afternoon, Greta had descended upon the Convent to make good a date for a meeting with Sarah that she had scheduled concerning a possible security leak within the infrastructure of the mansion temple. Sarah herself had forewarned Greta that in the last convocations of Magians that she had attended (under the disguise of one Henrietta Walpole, a school-marmish and rigid Methodist from Bedford, Massachusetts) information had come out about a certain 'operative' being involved in an investigation of the Tempel ov Blood.

Greta came to the door, immaculately dressed in a rich, gleaming leather trench-coat over a skin-tight polyurethane bodysuit. The stiletto points of her custom-made Gestapo-style boots clicked up the cobbled walkway as she approached the entrance to the Convent and rang the doorbell.

Even through the thick oak door between her and the sanctum of the Convent, Greta could hear an ominous and deep reverberation drone that came as a result of her pressing the shiny, gilded silver button just below the mail slot. It sounded more like a Far-Eastern ceremonial gong than a doorbell. Greta suppressed a smile, and looked stolidly forward awaiting the door to be opened.

Greta heard activity near the doorway and then it slid open, the warm air of a central heating system spilling out into the chilly afternoon and the sweet scent of cinnamon wafting onto the winter breeze.

Before her stood a young girl who was aged nineteen, if even

that. Two short plaited ebony braids hung on either side of her head, resting upon narrow, petite shoulders. 'Welcome to the Convent, Mistress Greta' the young girl spoke, looking humbly down at the tips of her clunky brown Oxfords.

Greta crossed her arms across her ample breasts and her eyes narrowed dangerously. 'Well, don't just stand there letting in the cold!'. Greta took the youngster by her small shoulders and spun her around, marching her forward with her own person following precariously close behind.

The girl marched forward obediently and Greta closed the door behind her as she herself entered, automatically turning a heavy industrial-sized deadbolt as she did so. The inside of the Convent hallway was just as she had remembered it. It had been more than several months since her last visit in person, although she regularly descended her astral to this place during the secret Satanic rites which were performed in a ritual chamber deep in the basement, closed off and hidden from the rest of the basement interior which was used for various 'dungeon purposes'...

The hallway was pleasantly lit, bright enough to read a book but not bright enough to mistake this place as a hospital or some other kind of lesser physical center. The glow from the expensive French overhead lights cast a comforting gleam, which made one's mind drift to visions of the homely houses of the Welsh countryside. The light gleamed with sinister tint upon the finely polished reddish-wood walls.

The girl who had opened the door, stood with her back to the wall ten feet or so from the entrance. Greta approached and

began to appraise her carefully. There was no one else present in this hallway and adjoining lobby, and no other sound could be heard from the inside rooms as the Convent was carefully sound-proofed room by room.

The girl with the ebony braids was small and petite, she looked to be perhaps eighteen or nineteen in mortal years and stood no more than five foot two inches tall. She had thin, cruel lips, slightly red but even still they stood in sharp contrast to her pale skin which was beginning to blush under Greta's careful gaze.

'Cast your eyes upon me, young lady' Greta stated with undeniable force but still in a kind tone. The younger girl complied, and looked up into Greta's eyes with large, sky blue eyes of her own – which were muscled into a look of childish timidity.

Greta moved in on the girl and stood less than an inch away, her leather and rubber encased breasts just a few centimeters away from the young girl's face. With one leather-gloved hand, Greta reached out and touched the girl's lower thigh and began to slowly run her hand upward and up underneath the hem of the girl's very short dark brown pleated school-girl's skirt. As Greta's gloved hand continued upward and grasped the flesh of the young girl's bottom, she squeezed and the young girl let out a surprised cry.

'Tell me your name girl' said Greta, still grasping the girl's bottom, inadvertently raising the right side of the girl's skirt revealing soft white thighs and knickers the same color of the

schoolgirl uniform, which showed nicely the curve of the girl's youthful pudenda.

'Mary, my name is Mary Mistre....'

Mary's dialogue was cut off as Greta's other hand which had been hitherto unoccupied whipped up and smacked Mary on the side of the mouth. 'Simple answers, for simple creatures such as you my dear' the Satanic Mistress intoned, bending over and planting a soft, lingering kiss upon Mary's forehead as her right hand continued to massage Mary's buttock and her left hand pushed tightly upon Mary's shoulder, pinning her against the wall.

Greta abruptly stepped away, looking with a gaze that well elucidated her previous military training, towards the narrow passageway that led into the inner part of the lobby, 'Come with me' Greta intoned and began walking briskly towards the lobby area.

The lobby was equipped with several large comfortable leather chairs and couches and pocked with low dark coffee tables upon which sat several crystal decanters of whiskey and a few large, brown-glass ashtrays.

Greta grasped one of the decanters and without bothering to pour herself a glass in the proper manner, simply pops off the top and takes a goodly slug, licking her lips as she re-lids the container and sets it carefully back upon the table.

Greta turns towards Mary. 'Now listen to me, sweet little Mary...' Mary shudders slightly as those words come out. 'I am

getting ready to attend a business meeting, in fact, I am about to attend a meeting regarding something which you yourself have been wishing access to for many months now...'

'The Tempel' responds Mary.

'That's right Mary, the Tempel! Yet, we must not speak about the Tempel to anyone else and we must seldom mention it in this place especially at certain times, what is the key to respecting the ways of the Tempel Mary?'

'We must keep them – sub rosa' Mary states, with some small satisfaction.

'That's right!' Greta exclaims with an enthusiasm which would seem startling in it's happy inflection compared to her earlier mistress-role intonations to Mary. 'We must keep all of these things, strictly and without question, sub rosa....'

Mary gazes downward again seeming to study the tips of her brown Oxfords. Upon her face is a pleasant, pleased gaze of one who has managed to answer correctly even under pressure of certain...chastisements if you will, that Greta was oft imposing upon her.

Greta steps closer and pats one gloved hand lovingly upon Mary's head. 'You've been a very good girl Mary, a very good girl indeed...' Mary blushes deeply as Greta continues. 'Now Mary, what can I do to reward you for your very high and glowing intelligence?' Mary's face now resembles the color of a radish.

'Could I have a copy of... the Elizabeth Bathory book?'

Greta stands, appraising Mary with some pleasure.

'Mary, I tell you what, you wait for me – in the gym, and I will see what I can do. But for now dear girl, I must be pressing on, I do have a meeting to attend as you will know.'

'Yes Mistress, certainly' says Mary as she shuffles with clumsy speed towards the door which leads into the inner complex of Convent hallways to open it for Greta.

Greta moves past her wordlessly and into the inner hall, listening to the audible click of the door closing behind her. Greta pauses, and as a second thought, turns and clicks a lock shut behind her before continuing her journey towards Sarah's inevitable whereabouts.

She walks silently through the hall, the only sound to be heard is the click of her own stiletto heels as they hit the hardwood floor. They really must get some carpeting put into this place, thinks Greta.

Every few feet on both sides of her, is another new door. The doors are unobtrusive and covert, except for the small black and silver-gilded signs which are mounted near the top which identifies them.

She passes a door which says 'The Schoolroom'. Greta grins. Many fond memories in that inner sanctum to be sure. She reads them off to herself mentally as she passes them,

remembering exactly which is which and where along the hall they are situated. Greta is no stranger to the Convent.

'The Stable', 'Far East', 'English Study', 'The Bedroom', 'British Kitchen'.... No, and again no, simply seeing the titles of the rooms gives few clues at all to the variegated sadism which takes place within each and every one of them.

Greta nears the end of the main hallway, which sections off into a t-shaped junction which proceeds either way to the left or right. Greta goes right, and marches down another deserted hallway, this one more dimly lit than the one which she had just traversed.

As she proceeds further down the hallway, a feeling of growing ominous darkness begins to grip her. It is startling for Greta, as it is quite unexpected, yet at the same time not. She feels her chest constrict and images begin pouring in her mind from some hidden and demonic angle housed within the astral infrastructure of the Convent. She sees in her mind's eye a young man, a Satanist, speeding down a dark country road in Vermont. He is fleeting from something. Greta shifts her astral vision, and sees that this Satanist is near the Magian farm and behind his motorcycle are several white sport utility vehicles, gaining ever closer to the back of the motorcycle.

A dark tinted window on one of the SUV's descends and from the opening sticks the muzzle, equipped with a deadly flash suppressor, of a fully automatic MAC-10 machine pistol. There is a rapid blaze of dim light and suddenly the motorcycle rides forward without a rider, teetering viciously and then crashing

altogether, hitting a hardwood tree, it's body mangled but it's engine continuing to run.

The white SUV's screech to a halt at various angles and from their doors jump several men and women. The men and women both have pensive, rodent-like eyes and their bodies are paunchy and soft, bred and raised on a life of, no doubt, posh metropolitan luxury in New York City or Jerusalem or Boston. One of the women run towards a red splatter on the ground. The other figures move in as well.

There, against the edge of the ditch, lies a figure in a motorcycle suit. The suit has been ripped and torn from the barrage of automatic machine gun fire and blood issues forth from gaping wounds like a flood torrent. One of the women reaches down and with some difficulty manages to pull the helmet off the motorcycle's previous rider.

The vision abruptly vanishes and Greta remembers the words spoken to her long ago: never love anything so much that you cannot see it die. The thought fills her mind with a certain kind of loneliness and sadness, and as she looks around the hallway of the Convent she knows that this too, shall pass. Thousands of years from now, the area upon which she now traverses in her workings as a Satanic Mistress of the Tempel may be naught but charred landscape; full of radiation and frozen grins of death as a result of a large nuclear war.

She has now reached the end of the hallway and before her lies a door which is only marked with the Roman numeral for the number nine. She knocks twice, in close succession, and then hears movement on the other side.

A small grate opens, revealing a thick wire mesh through which spoken word may be heard but no vision of the person inside given. A male voice speaks: 'Satan....' Greta responds: 'Whose word is chaos...'. The voice speaks again: 'His is the kingdom...'. Greta responds: 'for aeons... and aeons...'

The grate abruptly snaps closed, and through the thick wood of the door Greta begins to hear deadbolts being thrown back and chains and other locks being loosened from the door. The door swings inward and before her stands a large, muscular figure with a full auburn beard that flows down almost to the figure's waist.

'Mistress Greta!' the voice intones happily, as the man waves his hand and steps aside for Greta to enter. 'Thank you very much Ranulf, and how is everything going for you as of recently?'

'Lovely Mistress, simply lovely...Care for a cup of tea? A cup of coffee? A cup of something stronger perhaps?' The figure of Ranulf grins through his thick beard.

Greta reaches up and seductively massages one of Ranulf's massive shoulders... 'No time dear sir, no time....' she speaks as she lingers on his shoulder for a second more before withdrawing. 'I, as a matter of fact, had a nice sip of whiskey in the foyer while talking to your little pet Mary!'. Greta chuckles.

'My little pet you say? Nay, I must deny that accusation my dear Mistress! She is but a young eighteen, and I of course, am

advanced in years...For even this year, I reach the venerable old age of forty-five...'

'Oh pish-posh Ranulf', Greta shakes her head in amusement. 'I myself know from a bit of, how should we term it, remote viewing? That just a few days ago, you yourself took dear little Mary quite viciously indeed after you birched her within an inch of her pitiful life, then proceeding to manacle her to a beer barrel and bugger once, twice, or was it?'

Ranulf clears his throat. 'Now then, that's quite enough about that!'. He laughs heartily with good nature, and not a little pleasure over his sudden remembrance of amorous (is that the proper term really?) encounters with young Mary Collins. 'I'll be leading you down into the ritual chamber, per Sarah's express request, of course...'

'Of course' says Greta, still grinning.

Greta steps forward and Ranulf comes up behind her, removing the trenchcoat from Greta's body and hanging it upon a rough wooden peg just inside the door.

Greta's body is sensual and immaculate in its skin-tight sheath of black, gleaming polyurethane rubber. Every movement produces a shimmer and reflection of the dim lights of the sanctum, and Ranulf looks lustingly over her ample breasts, long Swiss mountain-climbing legs and muscular buttocks.

Ranulf expertly reaches into a closet just a few steps away from the coat rack, removing a bundle of soft yet coarse fabric of the

blackest hue, handing it to Greta's outstretched and waiting hands.

Greta pulls the robe over her body and lets it settle comfortably upon her lithe frame. It is completely black, excepting a dark grey sigil embroidered upon the left breast which is the sigil of the Tempel ov Blood accompanied by the word 'NIGHTMARE' which is prominent in red, written in archaic old English script. Ranulf and Greta proceed wordlessly to a trap door, and descend the hidden staircase which leads deep into the basement and the secret basement underneath the conventional basement which houses the ritual chamber and rooms used for only the most royal of Convent customers.

Ranulf accompanies her down the stairs and part way into one of the dank, musty tunnels of the sub-basement and then retreats down a separate, barely visible passageway to his left. Greta continues and steps into the ritual chamber, where Sarah and perhaps some others as well await her.

She steps into the dim purplish glow of the chamber. The chamber is shaped like an octagon, bereft of any furniture whatsoever except a lectern in the middle of the room upon which sits a tetrahedron, smaller than the one the Tempel houses at the mansion, but still filled with a goodly amount of Sinister power, infused by and by via the Satanic workings of the Convent inner circle, who are referred to as 'NIGHTMARE' – the christened name of their clutch of the Tempel ov Blood.

Sitting against the wall in the corner is Sarah, a intense and brooding female figure with a shaved head and a beautiful body, fully revealed as she is clothed in nothing but the sparse

leather-thong regalia of a 'Satan's slave' outfit; her breasts are fully exposed and menstrual blood seeps from the tight constriction of her tight leather panties, which is but a thong in the back as to fully expose a beautifully rounded and pert derriere.

Laying in her lap is the quivering body of what appears to be a man, yet the proportions of the figure are so inhuman that Greta wonders exactly what he is.

He is pale, so pale in fact that his skin has taken on a bluish tinge. Thick veins are visible all over his body, and the skin around his face and eyes have become near translucent. He is emaciated almost to the degree of a concentration camp victim, all of his ribs glaringly visible and his hipbones jutting painfully out above his pencil thin legs.

The flesh of his chest, right above the heart, has been engraved with the fine edge of a razor blade with the sigil of the Tempel. The figure's eyes roll back in his head and from his mouth issue the words of the 'Dies Irae' chant in quickening and harsh whispers.

'Hello, Greta.'

Sarah speaks with what seems to be an infinite sadness, which is only magnified by her surprisingly throaty, baritone voice. Such is the result of partly genetics, partly unending cigarette and moonshine binges and partly due to Sarah having been a coal miner for years and years deep within the backwoods hills of lower Kentucky.

Greta removes her gloves carefully, attaching them to a latch on her thick leather belt which encircles her wasp-thin waist. She raises her left hand, making the sign of the horns.

'Agios O Vindex Est Venturus!'

'Praise be to our dark prince Satan!' Sarah intones deeply in response. Her working-girl's hands cradle the emaciated figure resting in her lap and rub against the still-wet wound of the Tempel sigil which had been carved into his chest.

Greta smiles and stares down at Sarah and the man, who she now recognizes to be an opfer. With piercing eyes she analyzes the man's wound in the darkness...ahhh...the cut is fresh! Greta squats down onto the cold stone floor of the temple and crawls on her hands and knees, in animal fashion, towards where Sarah and her fortunate victim are resting.

Sarah bends her shaven head, softly whispering sweet words of deceit into the ears of the opfer. He looks up expectantly, ceasing his chanting, then closes his eyes slowly and drifts off into a sorcery-induced stupor.

Without looking up towards Greta, Sarah begins to speak... 'So before you, dear Mistress, lies the weak link in the chain of Magian information. I kidnapped this fellow, named Robert Samuel, only three weeks ago. As you can see, the three weeks have not been easy on him...' As a flourish to her statement, Sarah lifts up Samuel's filthy loincloth. Greta can see instantly that the poor soul had been castrated, no doubt with Sarah's

own ceremonial razor, and that the wound was festering - becoming dark and gangrenous.

'It took some time before he was willing to talk...' Sarah continues. 'First we tried it the nice way, that is to say, he was offered various gifts – a period of enjoying my own body not the least of the pleasures with great respect he was offered... However, his insidious Nazarene brainwashing held, he continued hurling phrases like 'whore of Babylon' at me which he somehow felt would be vexing to my person, of course, they were only compliments after all...'

Sarah trails off, looking up at Greta and smiling. Greta smiles back in kind. When she first met Sarah, when Sarah was coal mining deep in the Kentucky hills, such educated language would have never been heard emanating from her mouth. Now, Sarah spoke with the fluency and authority of a baroness - and she was, after all, one of the most sought after dominatrixes in all of New England – and an External Adept to boot.

'To make a long story short Mistress Greta, both myself and Ranulf and a few other members of Nightmare were forced to take more, how should I say, more severe measures which were of course absolutely necessary to enact. Soon after his castration and at the beginning of his first or second electrocution, he began to talk quite quickly about who exactly was the informant inside of the mansion Tempel...'

Greta stares into Sarah's eyes intently – instantly receiving the knowledge of the traitor via telepathic communication.

'Let our work begin then, Sarah' Greta intones.

Sarah stands, letting the limb body of the opfer drop painfully onto the cold stone floor.

Greta suddenly leaps unto the emaciated figure, obscuring the skeletal figure in her black Nightmare cloak. Her head descends with a snap and she buries her teeth, which have been filed into very sharp points, into the neck of the figure. Blood spurts in great crimson floods, flowing into Greta's mouth and spilling onto the neckline of her polyurethane suit.

At that very moment, the knowledge which she had sought in her intelligence mission is solidified with great clarity in her mind even as the blood continues to gush into her mouth, much of it now spilling onto the floor and forming a blackish-crimson pool which sends gory rivulets trickling off towards the lectern in the center of the room.

The tetrahedron upon the lectern begins to pulse with increasingly dark and sinister lights of purple and black. Sarah now leaps about the room, uttering hoarse cries of exaltation to Noctulius, the patron of her temple.

Greta breaks away from the opfer, rising in a jerky, ghastly fashion to her feet, standing now at her full and regal height. Her eyes stare forward, dead and void of any and all mercy that could have once been seen upon them. Caustic gurgling noises issue forth from the gaping wound in the neck of the opfer as his breathing continues to become slower and more labored.

Greta's mouth and neck are covered in opfer blood, glistening with luster in the faded glow of the tetrahedron's power. She speaks...

'I have been satiated, for now, by the blood of this mortal. Great visions have I seen Sarah, of the Final Harvest which shall soon envelope this pitiful land. That great Final Harvest, that Day of Wrath when our Prince, Satan, the Master of Awe and Derision shall come forth from the outer gates and change all that we see now into ash.

Call the dwarves to medicate this opfer and keep him alive until the twilight hour. He will be kept alive until the first chanting of the Sanctus Satanas begins by the Nightmare chorus, and then he shall be left alone, in the temple. He will die at the appointed time, I have ingrained him with a time-release death which shall enact very soon.

Until then, let us go into your chambers Sarah, we have much to talk about...'

Sarah smiles, ear to ear, laughing like a demon from the very pits of hell and then turns, Greta following close behind her.

QUESTION AND ANSWER:

What is the method of 'time-release death' that Mistress Greta speaks of during the story? Who is the informant for the Magians at the Sinister temple housed at the mansion? What role was he playing as an informant and how did he die? What

was the outward cause of his death and what technique did Greta employ to enact such?

What is the 'Elizabeth Bathory book' that Mary Collins requested from Mistress Greta? Can you explain why the torture of Samuel's was beneficial for both Nightmare and the intelligence mission of Sarah and Greta?

Answer these questions and write down your answer before continuing. After you have finished writing down your answers, perform the meditation below and then continue reading.

Ritual 333/88/333

Seat yourself in a dark room where there is a mirror. Stare absently into the mirror, imagining dark astral filaments from beyond the outer gates intruding into the casual via the mirror and entering into your body. As these filaments begin to enter you, intruding upon your psyche and possessing your body, chant the 'Sanctus Satanas':

'SANCTUS SATANAS SANCTUS, DOMINUS DIABOLUS SABAOTH! SATANAS – VENIRE! SATANAS – VENIRE! AVE SATANAS, AVE SATANAS! TUI SUNT CAELI, TUA EST TERRA – AVE SATANAS!'

At the very moment that the dwarves at the Convent withdrew their life support from Samuel, hundreds of miles away at the mansion a dark nebulous shape pushed one of the Adepts into the fire deep in the woods beside the mansion which the

Master and his Satanic Mistress, Greta, dwelled and operated their Satanic temple.

The Adept which died, and was now but black charred remains, was an undercover intelligence agent for the White Lodge which had been targeting the mansion from their operative base in the woods of Vermont, at the place known to the Wiccans and Christians as simply 'the farm'. As the genuine Adepts pulled the charred body from the dying embers of the fire, they saw embedded into the black burnt chest a glimmering of silver.

Upon closer study they became aware that the silver was the melted remnants of a crucifix symbol used by the White Lodge. The Master was informed, disturbed earlier by the scream which reverberated across the estate as the traitor was flung into the fire by unseen astral hands.

The ashes were ground with mortar and pestle by a rotating group of temple members who silently mouthed the words of the 'Death Rite' as they ground the Magian's remains into a fine, black powder. The Master stood over them, his initiate's ring pointed towards the Adepts as they worked – infusing the rite with Sinister power gleaned from years of toil upon the dark and dangerous road of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path.

Several weeks later, at 'the farm' in Vermont, a little girl of seven years of age went out early in the morning to begin the daily chores of milking the cows and bringing in the chicken eggs to the commune cook before breakfast preparations began. Soon after she left the door, she began to giggle frantically. It was snowing!

Thousands upon thousands of black specks descended upon the farm in a blizzard-like torrent. As they began touching down on the ground the little girl began to cough. The snow was not cold, as a matter of fact, the snow was black as coal, and left dusty stains upon her coat and stung her nostrils and lungs.

She did not return from the door which she left, but instead ran into the converted barn that served as a sanctuary and meditation room for elders of the cult.

She burst through the door with a start, setting off the string of chimes like an alarm which hung upon the large, wooden framed entrance.

'Father Wolf! Father Wolf! Come quick! It's snowing! It's snowing!'

The elderly Jew looked up from his meditation, smiling with a mixture of admiration and annoyance – the little girl was cute, and her blood would be quite suitable to put into the batch of motzah balls he would prepare at the end of the year, but she did disturb his meditation after all.

'Now Cindy...whatever is this fuss about! Of course it may be snowing, it is winter in Vermont after all!'. It was only fall, but the old Jew felt like he had ample reason to take some creative license with his statements to children such as these..

'Father Wolf, the snow is black!'

A dark shadow passed over the old Jew's face. He rose painfully and brushed past the girl onto the lawn outside of the sanctuary. Now, all of the ground and the buildings were covered in a thick black soot.

'Ashes....Ashes....'

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

A LONG REACH
AN OBJECT LESSON IN INFLUENCE AND SINISTER SOCIAL ENGINEERING

Introduction:

Dark fir trees crawled in shadowed majesty up the twisting slope that led to the infamous boarding school of Arthyn. That peculiar and seemingly old-world institute was set in a cleft of the hills; spread out in a bowl-shaped valley and naturally a fortress; surrounded by the forested hills which blocked it from the view of lower ground.

Six miles down in the valley was the small if not quite quaint village of Wesley. Its brooding, modern populace consisted of upper-economic strata of computer researchers who worked at the techno-development plant further towards the city. They were a hedonistic, educated sort who spent their leisure hours hiking in the many expansive regional parks, masticating organic victuals in ultra-sanitary chic eateries, and enjoying un-extraordinary private lives in their well-furnished houses and fashionable apartments.

The working class men and women of Wesley, equally morbid, consisted of mostly youngish folk of semi-rural stock who subsisted on paltry incomes supplied by logging, service jobs, or increasingly, state welfare. They lived hard, drank a great deal, engaged in tumultuous love affairs, drug use was not uncommon, and a culture of violence (domestic and otherwise) make 'their side of town' a bit more entertaining than the haunts of the would-be upper-crust of the middle class.

And as long as the present generation of Wesley could remember, down the road at a place where 'the mountains began' was the Arthyn school – anomalous and mysterious. It was not that it was purposeful in its obscurity (though perhaps it was), the fact was that the affairs of the school and the village simply did not mix to a significant degree. Sure, a few of the Arthyn staff (surprisingly small for the structural enormity of the school itself) came into Wesley for groceries, gas and the like. Yet there was little social interaction between the Arthyn folk and the village folk. The Arthyn folk were considered straight-laced, stiff, and it was widely agreed in Wesley that they must be fanatics of some sort; the 'sort' was not known and thus the lingering question remained a point of wild and often sensational speculation.

It is in this small land of an 'elite' school and the town that lay in the valley nearby that our story takes place. It is a story about two individuals, Alexis and Anastasia, and the strange adventures they had in those dark, woody hills. If you're willing, you're welcome to follow us now into the halls of Arthyn school and find out what the people of Wesley have only been able to wonder about for a long time.

I think you'll be amazed, or perhaps you'll be appalled? I think I'll leave that for you to decide...

Chapter 1

Although it was already after dawn, on the grounds of Arthyn lay a humid morning mist – the sun had yet to break through the soft down barrier of low-lying mountain clouds.

The week-day activities were well under way and in the student cafeteria, rows of youth sat at long, wooden tables quaffing bowls of hot porridge and steaming mugs of mint tea.

Alexis had foregone the breakfast this morning and instead had made his way to the circular half-mile track where he was now nearing the end of his fourth circumnavigation.

As he slowed, nearing the adjoining path back to the dormitories, he spat upon the ground. He would only walk two miles this morning and he had followed through with maintaining this limit. On this particular morning, he needed to save his strength for more intellectual pursuits that awaited him within the course of the day. As was his habit, Alexis had executed his morning exercise dressed in full school uniform - grey slacks and a grey, Austrian-style jacket. His fellow classmen thought him not a little odd because of this practice of his; those same fellow classmen who huffed and puffed and labored and sweated in their shorts and tank-tops emblazoned with the school emblem.

As usual, Alexis smiled amiably at his athletic contemporaries and thought privately to himself that their physical prowess was no doubt partially due to the fact that they were entirely unencumbered by the burden of higher consciousness.

Alexis breathed deeply through his nostrils. He was aware of his body, sheathed in sweat beneath his garments, which was now turning cold on his skin as a wind blew, jostling the treetops nearby.

His mild physical exertion provided a respite from his usual feelings, for now. Yet, he knew the temporary sensation of well-being would be soon superseded by the crawling, diseased awareness that had been his cross for over a year now. He grimaced to himself, wondering if the others who had experimented with similar rites had experienced such 'success' in what was termed the 'physiological transfiguration'. No doubt they had, no doubt they had...

As he walked, Alexis took very little notice of the people who passed by him, in every possible direction as the morning class period crept nearer and nearer. He took no notice that is, excepting the youthful and attractive girls who sat on a bench in the courtyard which served as a sort of 'daytime forum' for students on the campus. He felt a not unfamiliar throb in his groin, a quite familiar throb in fact, which he had yet to satiate in any satisfactory manner for quite some time.

He thought of going over to say hello, but then considered the time – his modern literature class was due to begin any minute now. He quickened his pace, but not before noticing a small, dark-haired girl sitting alone, knees drawn up to her chest, over by the shrubbery.
She looked up at him as he passed, large eyes, dark as midnight, staring at him unwaveringly. He glanced down, appearing nonchalant and was only able to muster a 'Good morning', before continuing his hurried trek.

She uttered a single word.

'Hello'.

Alexis has already passed, yet the single word froze him and he turned, not sure if he would be able to summon and equally terse verbal riposte, but very sure that he must have another look at this girl.

He stared. She stared in return, raising her left hand and exposing her palm, upon which a curious symbol had been drawn in heavy black marker.

Alexis smiled.

She smiled in return.

Both smiles were unfriendly.

They were, in actuality, quite demonic.

Deciding not to sully the moment with anything mundane, Alexis pivoted smartly and marched off – trusting that he would encounter this confederate again when the time was right and hoping his North-Korean style militaristic bearing would appear as attractive to her as he thought it would be.

Chapter 2

Anastasia lay upon her bed, limbs sprawled akimbo, inside her comfortable, climate-controlled dormitory room.
Her drab, grey, knee-length skirt hung neatly over the back of a wooden chair at her desk and lounged wearing only her thick, grey woolen socks, black knickers and a black baby doll t-shirt a friend had sent to her as a present last winter.

She relished the cold air moving over the exposed flesh of her legs as much as she relished the weird, lilting neo-folk music wafting out from her small stereo.

She lived in the 'Donner Building', one of two all-female dormitories on Arthyn campus. Despite the fact that Arthyn was a very liberal boarding school, patterned as it was after secular colleges (a fact that would have greatly surprised the inhabitants of Wesley), co-ed living quarters were deemed not expedient by the school administration. Thus, the boys and girls (or 'young men and women', depending on how one chooses to perceive the thirteen to eighteen years of age crowd) lived separately but studied and socialized with one another freely. Amorous liaisons between students were common and quietly accepted in the modern environment. The small medical department dispensed contraceptives with no questions asked and many of the older professors considered this arrangement of mixed company much preferable to the morbid and sadistic homosexuality they themselves experienced in the boarding schools of their youth.

Anastasia rolled her head to the side, staring at the blinking digital clock face built into her stereo. The clock read two-forty one.

Her afternoon mathematics class had holiday for today, thus most of the last hour had been hers and hers alone. Within fifteen minutes her three roommates would be back from their respective classes and the entire building in general would be filled with the manic chittering of girls as another scheduled day came to an end.
She sighed.

Her roommates, as it were, were quite agreeable – however solitude such as she had enjoyed this afternoon was always something to be treasured.
Anastasia shared her room with Anna, Misty, Lorna and Darlene.

Darlene was eighteen and a senior, as she was herself. Both of them had opted to stay as Arthyn for another year following their graduation to take part in a college preparatory course before leaving to their respective universities.

Lorna was a rambunctious and genius sixteen. One of the few Asians at Arthyn, Lorna was the daughter of a very affluent Taiwanese-American businessman. Involved in every possible sport and club on campus, she was rarely in the room except to sleep and excitedly punch keys in her electronic notebook at odd hours of the night.

Misty was the youngest: thirteen, of dirty-blonde hair and Appalachian parentage, she was rumored to be a nymphomaniac and regularly gleamed with an aura of insanity. Anastasia considered her to have significant sinister potential and personal magnetism, although perhaps a bit lacking in self-discipline.

Anastasia slowly sat up in her bed, swinging her legs over the side before standing and padding her way in sock feet over to the small bureau which contained her various possessions and no-uniform clothing articles. She sighed, rummaging for something to hike in and enjoying the ending strain of the song from her stereo.

As if on cue, as soon as the strange music faded into silence, the door swung open and then slammed shut again with equal force.

Misty stood before her, her shirttail un-tucked, blonde hair askew and sweat gleaming on her forehead.

Misty finished panting then stared squarely at Anastasia. She grinned wickedly, slipping her hand inside the waistband of her skirt and knickers and extracting a small plastic packet, which she triumphantly, dramatically raised in the air.

'I've got pot!'

Anastasia and Misty began snickering, then began capering and dancing wildly about the room, full of zest and vitality…

Chapter 3

Alexis sat in his room at the 'Claux Building', a heavy blanket hung over the window to block out the glare of the afternoon sun, that insidious destroyer of darkness. Alexis' only roommate lay sleeping silently on the bed pushed into the corner.

Faint light from the screen of his laptop bathed his face and hands in a soft incandescence as he scrolled down, rereading a recent letter from Gwydion, the lair leader of the cult Alexis aspired to join.

Blip. The window was minimized.

Blip. Another window was minimized.

Before him glared the face of a sinister looking bearded fellow, an Inner Circle member of the same cult Gwydion was with. Below the picture, a recent article by the same…

'…… and so the vampire must act, they must become the embodiment of evil in the flesh – and so affecting those who come into contact with the vampire; those who shall be dully infected with the alien-based energy which emits from the undead flesh the way radiation emits from a nuclear core-rod…'

Alexis skipped down past the remainder of the article, he had read it several times a day since it was posted over a week ago.

Though much of it was a bit incomprehensible to him, the parts of the essay he did understand were most zealously implemented by his person. And strangely, even with the parts of the essay he did not understand, the language itself excited him in a way he could not quite put his finger on and he felt powerful simply reading it.

Further down the webpage were hyperlinks to more articles and some delicious pictures of what looked to be extremely brutal female on female corporal punishment pornography, boldly framed with dark phrases to 'the Undead Goddess – Her Ladyship Erzsebet Bathory' and links to rituals by which one could summon the same. At the very bottom of the page was an address, discreetly placed, to an obscure name in some obscure town in an out-of-the-way province.

Alexis stared fixated, reviewing the same information which he had reviewed with the same amount of ardor thousands of times before.

Although Alexis was cynical, even disdainful about many things, the thought of being cynical about the propagators of what he considered to be the prophecies of his 'dark destiny' never crossed his mind.
At all.

All proclamations found on the website, manuscripts, lecture tapes, newsletters and correspondences emanating from his object of aesthetic devotion inspired nothing but awe, desire, fanaticism...

He was in love with a concept and, as he began to practice the formulas sent to him by Gwydion, he fell in love with the process – the steps he had taken thus far to implement the Harsh Alchemical Path of Wampyr.

Alexis logged offline, letting a screensaver of an atom bomb blowing up over a shadow outline of New York City play out on the computer screen, permeating his corner of the room with the sinister crimson glow.

From his pocket (he was still wearing the school uniform he had worn in the morning, despite the fact that casual clothes were allowed after the scheduled day was over) Alexis withdrew a small, jagged piece of quartz.

The faint red glow from the computer screen sparkled on the rough edges of the stone, a phenomena which pleased Alexis immensely. He could feel himself beginning to slip into the liquid, transcendental mindset that he associated with the practice of astral blood feeding.

Pivoting, he grabbed a grey and well-used rucksack from a peg on the wall and then stood, strapping on the pack and slipping the quartz back into the pocket of his jacket.

His feeling of transcendence did not cease and his eyes roamed slowly about the darkened room. He felt like the lord of his domain and the diseased pulsing of blood through within him had transformed into a clear pleasurable charge – as it often did as night was approaching.

He lifted the makeshift curtain away from the window and stole a peek outside.

Alexis smiled.

The sun was only a fading orange glow behind the mountains. Clouds moved swiftly across the sky which glowed, purple in the aesthetic majesty of its twilight hours.

He had spent longer perusing the vampiric data on his computer than he first thought. And, as all who lived in the region knew, night fell quickly in these mountains.

Alexis dropped the curtain efficiently into place. His roommate grunted, rolled over, and began snoring.

Alexis, as usual, had much to consider... In the forefront was the appearance of the girl he had seen in the courtyard. Had the cult gratuitously tipped her off about his presence here at Arthyn? He thought it was a very likely possibility.

With his pack laden with some books on vampirism, a cassette player, some food, tobacco, drink and a few ritual implements, Alexis stole swiftly out of the room, down the corridor and to the forest at the edge of the campus. He needed the presence of untamed and barbaric nature and the cloak of night to consider the girl – the thought of her which was mixed with an inexplicable feeling of sinister elation and heavy, atmospheric sensuality.

By the time he reached the woods, all trace of the sun had vanished. Larger clouds moved in with the breeze across a deep blue sky, promising a black and starless night.

Alexis smiled, then hurried into the cover of the trees...

Chapter 4

Somewhere in an apartment in a medium-sized North American city, a figure sat alone in a small room bereft of all furnishings except an overturned bureau drawer, painted black, set in the center of the room and serving on this night as an altar.

Upon the altar was a large piece of quartz crystal, the parent stone from which several pieces of smaller stones had been broken off and distributed to several different Initiates, all of

them residing in separate states except for two – one a male, one a female.

It was these two who concerned the lone figure this night.

Gingerly lifting a small surgical scalpel from the altar, with a languorous motion Gwydion cut crosswise across his palm.

'Nythra Kthunae Atazoth.'

A swift stream of blood began to flow from the wound, soon covering his hand, wrist and arm in a lubricating sheath of crimson gore.

With his wounded hand, Gwydion grasped the blade and repeated the same procedure with his other palm. The blood began to flow more vigorously now, the red stream pooling upon the surface of his altar.

Lost in some ghastly rasa with his devotees, Gwydion shut his eyes and placed his bleeding hands upon the crystal.

His astral ascended, up and out of his corpse and began to travel the astral web – seeking out the owners of the other stones – his blood progeny, his slaves, his personal blood pool of neonates and initiates. It was two he specifically sought this night and, after a time, he found them.

Now Gwydion too haunted the woods of Arthyn.

Chapter 5

Misty and Anastasia walked along a well-worn path under the cover of darkness. All was silent except the soft sounds of their boots crushing still-damp leaves underfoot, the whispering of the wind through the trees and the cry of a screech owl in the distance.

Anastasia glanced at Misty out of the corner of her eye. A light trickle of sweat beaded down her forehead and a slightly maniacal gleam twinkled in her young eyes.

What went on in that mind of hers? Anastasia wondered…

No doubt it was Misty and her unfettered embracing of her own youth, her sex, her freedom that allowed her to experience herself and her world in such a forceful and vivifying manner.

In many ways Anastasia viewed Misty as the prime example of one who is naturally Satanic, in an unconscious way. What would occur if the Satanic aspect became conscious to Misty? And would it even be necessary, would it be necessary to Sinister Strategy that Misty become aware of the 'Satanic' in the same way that she herself was aware?

At a rise in the path the two girls came to a sharply descending trail that forked off to the left, leading into a small, narrow ravine.

Anastasia felt a burning sensation pass through her body. The breeze rustled the treetops and she felt as if a magnetic pull was drawing her…

'Let's go down there to smoke, hmm?'

Misty nodded with enthusiastic consent and the two girls descended.

At the bottom of the ravine lay a stagnant pool of dark water. Its surface was covered with fallen leaves. Alexis leaned his back against a sturdy fir tree, gazing into the black water and meditating on the chants coming through the speakers of his headset.

So deep was his meditation and so forcefully were the recorded words of the chant spoken caused Alexis not to notice the two figures creeping down the path behind him.

Across the sour pool was a figure whom Alexis had been observing for some time now, a figure who had in turn been observing Alexis intently as well.

Behind the bough of a twisted woodland scrub brush stared an astral apparition.

A purple face was framed by ragged, white but blood-stained garments. Black eyes stared forth, like the mirror of the Abyss.

Alexis removed the quartz from his pocket and the astral vampire across the water leered, revealing razor-sharp black fangs.

It was a sign of recognition.

'Look Anastasia! Isn't that the guy you've been talking about, eh?'

Misty glanced over and rolled her eyes mischievously.

They stopped, watching Alexis.

'Well, so it is. Perhaps you would have enough herb to include a third in our little fun? It is Friday night after all!'

Misty stared down at Alexis, who was now fiddling with the controls on his cassette recorder. Anastasia, still smiling, studied her features and intuited that a definite plot was brewing in her mind.

'Misty?'

It took a moment for her to respond.

'Misty?'

'Huh? Oh baby you know there's enough! It's a quarter ounce after all!'

'Well, let's go see if he wants to join us.'

They began walking down the path again, loudly, as if to attract his attention.

Chapter 6

It was in such a manner that a certain Alexis and a certain Anastasia became acquainted for the first time one night in the wood bordering Arthyn. Like Alexis, Anastasia too carried a peculiar quartz piece with her on that night. Like Anastasia, Alexis was too an Initiate of Gwydion's lair. Although at the time of the meeting betwixt Alexis and Anastasia neither of them had met Gwydion in the flesh, it remains a fact that Gwydion was the 'matchmaker' in their union and helped – via his presence in the astral and his use of certain magical techniques – to provoke the outcome of their seemingly 'chance' meeting at night.

Misty ended up becoming close with Alexis and even closer with Anastasia – intimate if you will. Misty never made it to External Adept. At fifteen she ran away from Arthyn school – down to the town of Wesley, never to return. She caused much chaos, wrapping many around her finger with her precocious charms and her even more precocious sinister intent. There were several church burnings and crimes, violence and even one or two killings – both of the latter were the kinds referred to as 'crimes of passion' by the police. Misty had the satisfaction of knowing that she had been the inspiration for those crimes.

After a certain covert operation of hers went awry, Misty blew her brains out with a shotgun while federal law enforcement officers pleaded over a loudspeaker outside of her residence that 'surrender is the only option' and 'you cannot escape.'

Misty died rather than submitting. She committed a sacrificial suicide for Satan, offering herself as a willing opfer to propitiate the Dark Gods of the Acausal.

Anastasia stayed an extra year at Arthyn for the college preparatory program as she had intended.

She took a year leave from her studies between Arthyn and college and undertook an insight role, one that had been specifically suggest to her by Gwydion.

One moonless night in the wilds of Montana, Anastasia performed the rite of External Adept: she acknowledged the stars and they acknowledged her.

Soon after, Anastasia went off to college and became engrossed in her academic life and the rigors of the university: boyfriends, career-planning, etc. Her interest in the sinister path waned and at some point she decided to herself that 'I'm not really, at my core, very Satanic.'

After university was completed she became a high school teacher in a small rural town much like Wesley. Her students (with perhaps a bit of fear as well as adoration) refer to her as 'Mrs. Nietzsche' due to her frequent quotations from the works of our dear Friederich.

Not surprisingly, she is in constant struggle with her fellow teachers, the board of education and the school administration: a struggle which she finds to be strangely vivifying.

Anastasia lives alone but keeps lovers and makes clandestine monetary donations to pro-apartheid organizations in South Africa.

Alexis never renounced his Satanic oath – although he has been known as many things by many people in many different places. He is out there now – somewhere in the world – furthering the aims of the Sinister Dialectic as explicated by his cult with single-minded ruthlessness.

His dream in life is to reach the state of Grand Master.

Alexis, Misty and Anastasia never once met Gwydion in the flesh.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
9 B. H.
Tempel ov Blood

THE CRUEL EMPRESS

Bitter night winds of winter rushed through the grim landscapes, audibly shrieking against the tips of the cragged mountains and down through the ancient hardwood forests. The hooting of the owls was lost among the symphony of night triumphant as the limbs of the wood creaked in evil rejoicing of the dawning of the dark. High atop a particularly ghastly mountain stood a black castle built entirely of onyx – it's forbidding shadow structure built upon the very face of the rock. Thousands of years ago, vast tunnel systems had been built leading from the castle into the very roots of the mountain below the earth. Down these horrid corridors were dungeons deep and dark, their prisoners lost and forgotten and silenced by the endless night.

Along a downward slanting road through the forest leading toward the castle main gate trotted a team of four pale horses pulling a covered wagon of deep burgundy. The coachman was tall and gaunt, clean-shaven and very pale for he had never seen the light of the sun. If you would have been standing close to the road when the carriage passed, you would have heard the sound of young sobs and crying coming from its decadent recesses. Inside the carriage rode only the Empress and her Opfer for the evening.

At one time, according to legend, the Empress herself had been but a common girl – living in one of the innumerable nondescript villages in the nondescript land before the turning of the Aeon and the return of the Undead Gods to open power. When she was seventeen years old she was visited by a certain

noxious intruder during the night and since then she had been Immortal. Her Immortality had bred in her a coldness, a cool and clinical approach to rule over humans, her herd , with a fist of iron bathed in a torrent of ever flowing claret.

An hour later her coach was inside the castle gates. The coachmen opened the door quickly and then began unhitching the team of horses, leading them to the stables beyond. The Empress led the young peasant girl, who was now quite hysterical, towards the entrance of her nocturnal abode. All the while she cooed and caressed the young female, offering false assurance. Even so, the Empress' eyes shone with a demonic luminence. All that had been human had left her, thousands of years before, on that fateful night of darkness and pain when she herself was but a teenaged wench.

Up endless corridors, through passageways and down spiraled stairways beneath ornate paintings dedicated to her kinsmen - Azanigin, Shugara, Gaubni... The opfer still sobbed but the Empress pulled her along as one would a child, with indifference towards the suffering which she was inducing for the mortal serf.

'Please ma'm, please! Let me return home!'

The Empress gave a cold smile over her shoulder before responding, still pulling the child along incessantly.

'Certainly you would rather stay here, with me?'

The girl looked incredulous, before breaking out into a new spat of sobs and sniffing.

'Come, come child... I am the Lady of this land, and you have been specially chosen to be with me on this night. It is not every day that one such as you becomes the guest royalty, hmmm?'

The girl did not respond.

'Child, you must realize that we are all part of the whole. And, as such, it comes down to the bare facts of the matter that your independent wishes or comfort mean little in relation to the onward concourse of the change which my Initiates and Adepts have and continue to execute. Don't you realize child, that you are now a daughter of the New Aeon? And, by your blessed flesh being submitted to my own, you shall ensure the continuation of what has already been started?'

The girl began crying hysterically, whispering the words 'Oh Baphomet, mercy for us sweet Baphomet' in-between her emotional outbursts.

'There, there child. That's better.'

Three o'clock in the morning, the hour of the Wolf and the inauspicious portent of Fenris, the blessed slayer of the white-sepulchers who were called 'gods' in the old Aeon.

The blue room is now splattered with shed blood. A thick trail of the stuff leads towards the spiral staircase which descends downward. At the bottom of the staircase is a ladder which leads upwards towards the very top.

Outside the castle.

The Empress stands looking over into the vast forests of the pre-dawn. The wind has calmed and an eerie silence permeates the landscape. Cradled in her arms is the desiccated husk of the child. Already, her blood which was spilt has spawned several golems, which will be useful for the workings which lie ahead.

'Noctulians…'

The Empress speaks with a husky, sensual voice.

Below, wolves gather from the forest, howling at the Empress and gazing upward towards the fortifications of the castle.

The Empress leans over and drops the corpse into the thin air. It drops, thudding upon the wintry ground where it is quickly quartered and consumed by the wolves.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
Tempel ov Blood

YASODA-LILA

'And who is the monkey, mommy?'

'Why, you rascal, you know who that is! You tell me who the monkey is!'

'Hanuman! Hanuman! Hanuman!'

With that last declaration of his answer, the young boy contorts his face (expressing some now obscure emotion which only the very young can understand in truth), pinches the bright fabric of his mother's sari once more for good measure, and scampers off the couch, down the hall – and out the door.

For a very brief moment betwixt the action of the door being swung open and then banging shut again, the sounds coming from outside pour fluidly into the house...

Children laughing, the sound of the brahmacaris working with their chainsaws around Srila Visnupada's new mandir, and the blowing of the conch shell announcing the commencement of evening arati in the temple all blend together in a singular, unified chorus.

And then, as the door closes, blocking out the activities beyond the perimeters of the home, all such emanations abruptly cease. In their stead enters the heady, aquatic silence of night which was achingly familiar to the boy's mother who, at one time, was known as Kaitlyn; but who is now more oft referred to as

'Mother Yasoda' since her initiation as Srila Visnupada's disciple several years ago.

Yasoda looks down at the illustration which her and her son had been examining. In the drawing, Hanuman (the monkey-faced devotee of the Supreme Personality of Godhead) kneels amidst an ethereal nocturnal forest, his hands folded in respectful obeisance before Lord Ramacandra. The strange beauty of Lord Rama's green skin is nearly intoxicating. It is this same attraction that first led her into the movement many years ago, when she was just another struggling Midwestern college student trying to get by in the mile high city. At that period in time, Srila Visnupada had not yet become Stryadhisa Maharaja – but was rather simply Stryadhisa dasa, a brahmacari with several years of experience of ashram life.

Kaitlyn had only been in Denver for a little over six months when she first encountered the devotees. She had left home immediately after high school – bidding farewell to what she perceived as her small town and her narrow-minded parents – strict Mormon fundamentalists; settling the rugged land 'with militancy, for Jesus' (a phrase that had been seared into her mind on more than one occasion during her father's 'disciplinary talks' with her and her sister.)

Her upbringing had only served to further steel her already innate rebellious tendency towards any imposed authority. She, unlike some of her university-attending contemporaries, was not at all interested in 'fighting the system' through what she perceived as a myriad of perfectly irrelevant 'campus concern councils.'

She was aware of her own powers of manipulation and, albeit practicing in small and petty arenas (at first), she tested her abilities at every available opportunity.

Mother Yasoda smiles to herself, remembering those early days during her conversion. The temple she did service at was relatively liberal (in comparison to some) and she was afforded an opportunity ever so often to sneak off with Stryadhisa for a bit of conversation during their sankirtan parties.

For an unmarried bhaktin and a senior brahmacari (or any brahmacari!) to be able to carry on any sort of conversation, in private no less, was unheard of even at a 'liberal' temple – but as it was, the temple authorities did not delve too deeply into either Stryadhisa Brahmacari or Bhaktin Kaitlyn's affairs; and for good reason. Both Stryadhisa and Kaitlyn were unmatched in the realm of Sankirtan Party book distribution. They received fame in BBT reports and their temple's reputation (not to mention their finances) were greatly enhanced by the deeds of these two ambitious young devotees.

When out on sankirtan spreading Krishna's mercy, Stryadhisa would accost the karmis with adept skill; blinding them with his intellectual effulgence. At times, karmis who would seem particularly hostile at first would be seen several minutes later walking away from Stryadhisa wearing a dazed expression on their faces – and carrying a sizeable number of expensive, hardback books in their hands. These colorful sankirtan capers, oft recounted by the devotees around cups of hot milk sweetened with sugar and puris in the evening, soon began a rumor of Stryadhisa Brahmacari being bless with 'uncanny powers of persuasion.'

Bhaktin Kaitlyn's success in filling the temple's coffers was a bit more simply discerned, yet seldom officially mentioned in a movement where 'I am not this body' is a frequently stressed official maxim.

Kaitlyn was a lithe, athletic beauty – with Nordic blonde hair, long legs and curves in all the right places. Combine those admirable attributes with the exotic attire of sari, nose jewel and bangles and few of the affluent businessmen of downtown Denver would balk at spending another twenty-five dollars for some obscure holy Vedic book in exchange for spending a few more moments in her presence.

From early on, Stryadhisa and Kaitlyn were 'the dream team' - they were the kind of devotees that other devotees were encouraged to emulate. They carried the temple to new heights via their shrewd worldliness coupled with what seemed to be limitless enthusiasm for the esoteric aspects of devotional service.

If it had not been for being blessed with the nectar of Srila Visnupada's intimate association early on, thought Yasoda, she might have not stayed on in the Society.
Through vivifying monologues on varied topics, Visnupada took her perceptions of Gaudiya Vaisnavism for beyond the standard tenets of the faith and offered Yasoda a way of approaching the path back to Godhead in a somewhat different way.

She learned to walk the razor's edge between total surrender to the forces of Radhe-Krishna and a ruthless determination for

ascendancy in the causal and acausal. Yasoda's thoughts were suddenly interrupted, as Parasurama Dasa entered.

'Hare Krishna, Parasurama Prabhu!'

'Haribol, Mother Yasodsa!'

'How is the work going on Srila Visnupada's new house, prabhu?'

'Great! Just fantastic!!! The tetrahedral design of the building is so amazing... and the reproduction frescoes of Jadurani Devi Dasi's images of Lord Nrsimha and Lord Kalki on the interior walls! Wow! Srila Visnupada must be very dear to Lord Krishna, it is so rare to encounter a soul as liberated as he!'

Parasurama's face was saturated with perspiration and the veins on his working-man muscled arms bulged prominently. The room was effused with the electric emotions of the fanatic.

A phantom cataract passed over Mother Yasoda's eyes – she was slow to respond.

'Yes prabhu... we are very fortunate to have Srila Visnupada as our spiritual master...'

Parasurama's face went blank in thought, for the very briefest of moments, before he began nervously fiddling with his japa beads.

He could not help but notice how Mother Yasoda, who must be nearing forty, looked not a day over sixteen.

'Uh... Mother... I just wanted to drop off some paperwork that Srila Visnupada's secretary sent over for you.'

'Thank you, prabhu.'

Parasurama smiled broadly, happy to have rendered an important service and enlivened by being in such close proximity to Yasoda.

'Mother Yasoda... I saw Kalki Prabhu out playing near the forest with the other young devotees... He's quite the little ringleader!'

'Yes, my son is Krishna's son.'

Yasoda looks up from her seated position and grasps Parasurama's arm, squeezing it affectionately for a moment, and then releasing him.

'Haribol, prabhu.'

'Haribol, Mother Yasoda.'

With that, the young monk departs.

Mother Yasoda looks towards the wall, up at the gaudy Bombay-printed devotional calendar that hangs there.

The twentieth of April was only nine days away and that was Kalki's birthday. She and her guru maharaja and a few trusted other would go south to celebrate, amongst old friends

Postscript notes:

1. Stryadhisa dasa Goswami Maharaja – 'Srila Visnupada' was one of the all-time quickest devotees to attain initiating guru status after taking sannyasa. A sanyassi can only become an initiating spiritual master himself after his own spiritual master goes 'back to godhead.' Srila Visnupada's spiritual master mysteriously disappeared after arriving in Russia on a mission trip. Several days after his disappearance, Visnupada's swami was discovered – shot in the head near the Volga region. An obscure sect of the Khlysty was suspected, but no arrests were ever made.
2. Kalki dasa (son of Kaitlyn Katrina Kopp a.k.a. 'Yasoda' – a father unknown) was conceived in August of '___'yf when his mother was impregnated during a clandestine reenactment of Shree Krishna's conjugal dance and pastimes with the principal gopis, held in an undisclosed locale somewhere between North Carolina and Georgia. Twilight dance – men painted in blue.
3. A version of the Nine Angles rite performed on the same night in August of '___'yf. Nine months later, 'Kalki dasa' was born to Katrina Kopp. His birthday, April 20th. Reference ONA ms. 'Words of Vermiel.'
4. Srila Visnupada is an agent of an agent of the TOB and is Falcifer.
5. Yasoda is Azanigin.
6. Kalki is Vindex.
7. Yasoda is vampirically feeding on Parasurama during their conversation. (note 'draining' followed by a 'rain of mercy' – Yasoda is an advanced vampire, i.e. 'walking undead.'

VELTON VINDEX
Czar Azag-Kala
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Tempel ov Blood

SATANIC JIHAD

"Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!" The profound chanting of solidarity echoed through the halls of the underground secret temple, as the 22 masked men strapped bombs around the chests of their white cloth-draped bodies for practice.

Their temple leader, Halmid Albiz Allah, who was born in Ontario, Canada, under the westerner name of Donald Keller, had no middle-eastern blood in him but had apparently converted to Islam a couple years previous under the guidance from sources outside of Canada. Halmid Albiz Allah had set up his Hamas chapter six months prior to this day and was working with intense enthusiasm to fulfil the 'glory of god'.

Indeed Halmid was of all white descent, but this was of no concern to his Islamic brothers who were under his guidance. For it was the will of Allah to destroy the infidel.....the Jew. And together for the love of God, they would fulfill the will of Allah, with **GLORY**!

Word surfaced within the Hamas chapter that in one month's time there would be a large gathering of Jewish Defence League adherents inside of the local synagogue for the Jewish holiday Hanukkah (Festival of Lights). As many powerful politicians in the area are secretly Jewish or practicing Judaism outside of the public view, there would no doubt be some strong political numbers in attendance to this event.

The pot began to stir and plans began to unravel....

All twenty-two Islamic adherents gathered at the late hours of the afternoon in the secret underground temple to pray. Halmid had a dead calm over him, for he knew of the storm that lay ahead. Keeping silent during this time of praise, Halmid instead assumed a state of deep meditation...

Three hours later...

'Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!...' The chanting of the Islamic brotherhood roared with **VIOLENT** anticipation as leader Halmid dictated to them...

*'Death to the **INFIDEL**! Death to the Jew!, Death to ALL who OPPOSE the will of Allah! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar Allahu Akbar!'*

Today was the day of judgement and today was the day the wrath of God would punish and eradicate the Infidels. Today was December 11, 2008, Hanukkah.

Each man as practiced for some previous months, then strapped around their draped cloth bodies, eighty-eight sticks of dynamite. This time the dynamite was live and they each had a homemade sub machine gun to accompany them on their final journey to Allah. Halmid had previously obtained two blank white vans with tinted windows. The men quickly ran out of the underground temple and one by one packed into the two vans and sped off. Halmid took a separate vehicle and followed the two vans to their destination.

All three vehicles arrived outside of the synagogue in the parking lot across the street. Halmid pulled up beside them and stepped out of his black jeep.

The young men sat silently in the two vans awaiting further instruction, not a word was spoken in this time. Halmid stood outside his jeep dressed head to toe in a black draped cloth garment, wearing a balaclava over his head. He stared at the synagogue with a raging fire in his eyes, watching the sunset. All of his hard efforts were about to pay off…

It was not long until it was pitch black outside, except for the festival lighting up the city around the Jewish synagogue. Hanukkah had begun.

Halmid signalled for the men to step out of the vans quietly and to check their weapons to make sure they were locked and loaded. Halmid then said to all the men whom stood before him: 'Make no excuses for yourselves this day. You shall be rewarded according to your deeds.'

Upon those words the twenty-two men quickly ushered across the street to the front entrance of the synagogue. They opened the door and stormed into the building, locking the door from the inside with a lock they had brought along. The building was packed with hundreds of members of JDL, dozens of politicians and even more rabbis and common Jewish citizens. The Hamas fired three shots into the air to declare their entrance and began to chant *'Allahu Akbar Allahu Akbar Allahu Akbar'* upon which everyone began to scream. A small group of JDL ran towards the group and were shot down immediately, sending streams of blood rushing throughout the floor. The

Muslims made their way into the center of the building as they began to become surrounded by the screaming Jews who could only imagine what was about to happen to them.

Outside across the street, Donald stood, staring into a strange sigil which he had hidden in his pocket. In front of him was a pile of ashes from what was once the religious garments he had worn only minutes previous. Donald began to chant, *'Agios Abatu Kthunae! Agios Abatu Kthunae! Agios Abatu Kthunae!'*

The screams from inside the synagogue got louder and more desperate as guns fired relentlessly. Suddenly, there was an enormous bang! The building instantaneously erupted in an explosion of fire and black smoke sending pieces of the building flying in all directions. Donald should have been thrown to the ground by the blast but, instead stood strong. A large drop of blood splashed onto the sigil which he held in his hands as he was nearly deafened by a unified scream which seemed to echo forth from the explosion, which actually sounded more like a roaring hiss.

When the smoke cleared, Donald could see that some of the surrounding area of the synagogue had actually been charred from the intense heat of the explosion.

Donald quickly got back into his jeep and started the engine. He could hear sirens blaring in the distance. With a cold stare, and a stark grin, Donald drove off into the night…

One week later, in another part of the country…

Chapter II

The phone rang, once, twice, thrice. A voice with a tone of authority answered:

-Hail YHWY! This is Commander Reginald speaking.

-Hail YHWY! This is Brother Eric. I am calling to announce my return from vacation.

Reginald: Ah, Brother Eric, how was your time up North?

Eric: It was very well thank you, it was very purifying and refreshing to get away for a while and stay in the cabin with Ellen.

Reginald: Great to hear. I would hope that you would be as such from six months in such a place of nature and isolation with your heavenly woman. Speaking of which, when shall you bring her with you to our compound to meet her?

Eric: Soon my brother, soon. She is a bit shy around others. Is there any news that I should know of? Anything I may have missed as of recent?

Reginald: Understood. Indeed I have some horrible news to break to you, our reverend leader Fuhrer Marshall has disappeared without a trace just over a week ago. We fear the Evil Jew has kidnapped or worse our Holy Fuhrer. No one has seen or heard from Reverend Marshall in this time, including his family. We fear the worst, but have hope that YHWH will be with us in this desperate time...

Eric: This is very bleak news Commander Reginald, I hope to God that our Reverend will turn up immediately and safely. What is a true Aryan fraternity of God without our Holy leader? This is horrible news to come home to…

Reginald: Indeed it is brother; we have been in deep prayer since his disappearance. In other news and on a better note, our counsel has been discussing your official membership into our organization. Reverend Marshall and our counsel feel that you have shown great potential, enthusiasm, and devotion to our identity movement in your short but promising prospect period. Though you have been away for six months, we have previously discussed that upon your return, we would have you sworn into our Aryan fraternity. We must now put that on hold until our Fuhrer is located, so that he can make this so.
Eric: It will be with sheer honour that I may be sworn in to the Holy fraternity. I will pray for the safe return of our Reverend and will be in touch in a few days. Hail the race of God! Hail YHWH! God Bless.

Reginald: Hail YHWH!

Donald hung up his temporary cellular telephone and exited his now stolen brown van. Donald was parked outside of a large warehouse in what seemed to be an abandoned area of the city. There was no sign of life or activity of any kind for at least a mile stretch around his location.

Chapter III

Entering the large empty warehouse, Donald closed and locked a large metal door behind him. There seemed to be rooms upon rooms as he walked through the empty, desolate building. His footsteps seemed to echo throughout.

Stopping at the last room, he stepped inside to find a man duct taped to a hard metal chair. The man was hooded, gagged and had large ear muffs on to inhibit any sense of hearing. The man had obviously been undergoing a form of sensory deprivation, and had no doubt been starved to a point of near death.

Beneath the man was carved into the ground a large pentagram, it seemed to be emanating a particular vacuum like sensation; almost as if hungering for something.

Upon each of the four walls of the cold grey room were strange sigils, one of which was the very same sigil Donald had hidden in his pocket the night of the bombing.

Shadows seemed to move about the room as Donald slowly walked up to the hostage. He was not bothered or shocked by the scene, as he had been here before. In fact, Donald had previously brought the man in bondage to this building some days ago.

The heart of the prisoner began to beat faster as he could presence Donald in the room. Lifting the ear muffs from the prisoners head and removing the hood, Donald spoke into the prisoner's ears in a stark and malignant tone.

'**Where is your fucking god now?**'

The prisoner, who was actually the missing Reverend Marshall, still gagged began to whimper. Donald stood before him shirtless exposing a tattoo over his heart of an inverse pentagram. The Reverend recognized this symbol immediately. It was the universal sign the Devil, that old serpent, Satan.

Donald held in his right hand a large razor sharp bayonet which had inscribed upon the blade, the words '**TERROR**'. Tears began to run down Marshall's face as he choked on his gag. The room seemed to suddenly drop several degrees with an increasing darkness overwhelming the atmosphere. Donald spoke again to Marshall,' **The reaper is visiting with you**.'

With his left hand, Donald blocked his number and dialed his cell phone to Commander Reginald.

Reginald: Hello? Hello?

Reginald could hear in the background a subtle whimpering and gagging of the prisoner which immediately increased to a sound of utter horror and desperation. Reginald immediately recognized who he was listening to and began to cry out; 'Reverend Fuhrer! Are you ok?!!!'

Donald walked up to Marshall and held the phone in front of the victims face, letting Reginald listen to what would later psychologically damage him forever.

Holding the large bayonet over Marshall's throat, Donald exclaimed in a wretched and dominating voice;' We have come for you, not as an ethereal being, but as a **DEMON IN THE FLESH**. Behold, **SHAITAN**!

We have come for your **BLOOD**. **HELL** IS UPON YOU!

Reginald: 'Reverend!!! No!!!'

With that, Donald cut the opfer's throat, letting out a nightmarish gurgling and gagged scream. Donald smashed the phone under his shining black garrison boots, and watched as the blood flowed to fill up the deep bloody pentagram which was carved into the filthy freezing floor. The entirety of the pentagram turned into a gaping black hole pulsating with **Darkness**. Donald began chanting as the victims life viciously slipped away. ***SHUGARA! SHUGARA! SHUGARA KTHUNAE! SHUGARA KTHUNAE! AGIOS SHUGARA KTHUNAE! AGIOS SHUGARA KTHUNAE! AGIOS SHUGARA KTHUNAE!***

The atmosphere began to thicken with the stench of rotting flesh, to a point of being suffocating and intoxicating. The victim's last breathes closing in, haunting the last moments of his life as he continued to be devoured by the backwards **Darkness**, which gleaned under him like the rays of a black sun swallowing the light.

Donald with his cold eyes stared into the eyes of the victim, feeding deeply of his blood essence. Gluttonous as it were this kind of pure life-force being released could not go to waste.

An abyssic nexion had been opened and the currents of Hell now rapidly eschewed forth, intruding the causal plane to spread a **plague of nightmares**.

Donald once filled on his victim's blood essence, fled from the scene, leaving his dead victim to the hungry black hole which had been birthed forth this night.

A bleak path lie ahead of Donald; a road to Hell paved in the blood of the white lodge enthusiasts and those who would seek to block the emergence of Satan.

...Into the woods he disappeared...

Nightmare Tyrant
Black Lodge Discipline Center
119 yf Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

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BOOK IV – SUNDRY SCRIPTURES

A TREATISE ON THE SINISTER DIALECTIC

The Tempel ov Blood, far from being a fly-by-night operation of what is sometimes referred to in the 'modern' world as 'occultic' or 'satanic' is, in fact, concerned with enacting agendas of a LONG-TERM nature, with far-reaching implications for both those who participate (in one way or another) with the work of the Tempel directly, as well as the general populace of this earth planet. (1)

In fact, the Tempel ov Blood is engaged in what members of the Roman Equity system of law practiced within the United States of America and most of the Western World would term as a grand or broad based CONSPIRACY.

Naturally this CONSPIRACY as such is seen as detrimental towards the forces controlling the Magian Lodge (which, as an aside, is already well into the process of dismantling itself via decadent, internal self-destruction – hardly a fit state in which to battle it out with the forces of the Seven Fold Sinister Path).

Yet, the discerning observer realizes that all the works of the Sinister Path in general can, in truth, only be BENEFICIAL towards human kind – whether that be in the form of creating new Adepts or mercifully culling the dross from the globe via means which will not be discussed herein.

Why then is the Tempel ov Blood (and other similar organizations, operating on a genuinely on-the-ground basis under a similar banner of 'sinister intent') largely ignored by

the kinds of law enforcement agencies that track and monitor other so-called 'extremist groups'?

The reason being is precisely this: the aims and the goals of the Tempel ov Blood, in keeping with our processes of Aeonic manipulation and promulgation of the Sinister Dialectic are seen, to mortal eyes, to be so huge in scope that they determine that our goals are practically 'impossible' and thus, such organizations as 'Satanic Temples' in the evil in the real-world disruptive sense therefore must be merely fantasy.

In the United States specifically, there was a set time within the nineteen-eighties and early nineteen-nineties that the existence of 'satanic crime' was assessed by the present law enforcement agencies (bolstered by media hysteria) to not only be legitimate but proliferating (the alleged satanic child abuse scandal in the town of Edenton, North Carolina being but one local example that the TOB observed.) These hysteria-based conspiracies were, in time, 'proven' to be fraudulent. As the Judeo-Christians say, as expressed in their popular music of the day: (Satan) 'My job is getting very simple now, since no one believes in me anymore.'

Since the underground nature of most Sinister temples puts us under the proverbial radar so to speak, this is one reason why we do not face hard repercussions from the external/exoteric forces that would seem to be either run directly or controlled remotely by the Magian/White Lodge. However, the main reason is that the machinations of beings who are in fact, non-human, beyond humanity in every respect, are too in-depth and complex for an unevolved human being to understand – our motives cannot be readily rationalized.

Physically, physiologically, psychologically, spiritually and intellectually those who are of the NEW RACE – the BLOOD PROGENY of the Tempel ov Blood – are operating on a completely higher level than the mass of humanity. While the new, sensitive Nazarene-trash breed of humans bemoan the social affliction of 'racism', they ignore much more sinister malaise which threatens their feeble existence. While they While they chase after so-called 'racists' the real perpetrators of their woes operate unseen and with FULL AND UNHOLY FURY: BEHOLD – THE SPECIESTS!

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
114 Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

(1) Those who are NOT enacting programs with a LONG-TERM reach with pointed concentration, even if stellar in sinister personal development, are negating their duty in serving the Sinister Dialectic and by doing so squandering their own real potential in the process – this shortcoming should be rectified by those guilty of the same.

AMERICA AND THE SINISTER

When we begin to analyze the nature and quintessence of what is the Sinister Path, and, especially, the Sinister Path in its task of working towards enacting the forcible intrusion of the Dark Gods upon this planet to open power, a certain intuitiveness and discernment must be in place in properly and correctly gauging the field of operations in which the Satanic Initiate or Adept finds him/herself.

The depth of perspective needed to effectively execute acts of Aeonic magick are only gained through experience – this is the first prerequisite for those attempting to change and manipulate the concourse of history in favor of the purpose of the Dark Gods from beyond the astral gates.

While many neophytes may be very enamored with Aeonics because of its power and scope (as well they should be), it must be taken into account that Aeonics is best enacted effectively by persons who have lived, bled and suffered for SHAITAN already for a period of at least several years. This is not to discourage those who are neophytes – nay! Far from it. It is apparent that even those who are relatively inexperienced in the path and in life in general can still aid the casual manifestation of one or more Dark Gods via practical acts of evokation – and we, in America, have seen this happen many times in the past form various angles. Even still – the monumental and earth-shattering effects upon the globe must be undertaken by Satanists with a level of maturity in the path.

This does not in fact always necessitate a vast expanse of time, simply a vast expanse of experience – real, dark experience as befitting an adherent of the Way. In this regard, one of the staples of the NOCTULIAN BLOOD BEAST (or those aspiring to this state) should be that they approach the requisite tasks (particularly regarding enacting real-world evil, physical ordeals and depth-level psychological ordeals such as Insight Roles/Aeonic Insight Roles with an attitude of mastery and quantum acceleration.

The ONA system in itself is a means by which one can accelerate experiential levels and thus consciousness beyond what would normally be capable of one in one lifetime, through systemized training and a life-long commitment – the TOB system expands upon the ONA system in that we hold that, via the auspices of the blood pool and the extremist tactics trademark to the harsh alchemical change process of our organization, that we can take this same development and supercharge it into 'ultra status' – a very 'American' sentiment in itself.

It stands to reason that via the participation (whether that participation be minimal or extreme in scope) within the sinister path on any level is aiding in some way the Sinister Dialectic as a whole. With more experience, there manifests a more effective operative for Sinister purposes who can assist the Sinister Dialectic in a more concrete manner. The Tempel ov Blood especially, via our targeted use of vampiric metamorphosis and increasingly harsh alchemical change processes, are offering the tools for rapid results. Our members

do in a year what the mass of humanity only dream about accomplishing in a lifetime.

Step by step, the Sinister is taking hold on American soil. This agenda is being ruthlessly carried out by several different, independent organizations working alone but with the same goal (more or less) in mind – the bringing about of a new DARK AGE, not in the sense of profusion of ignorance – far from it! Rather, an age in which DARKNESS reigns supreme – when the weak, effeminate characteristics of a Magian-infested civilization shall be immolated and turned to ash. In its place shall be a civilization where proper perspective is part of the social and governmental equation (if indeed there are any 'human' governments left).

In quintessence, the age will be a SATANIC AGE – an age concerned more about what truly is and bereft of the profusion of enervating illusions which haunt the minds and spirits of modern day America and Europe. In the coming SATANIC AGE there shall be PROPER HONOR given to HONORABLE VIOLENCE. There shall be proper warrior codes in place. No longer shall weak bourgeois mercantile function in the infrastructure of society which should be peopled with those possessing genuine instincts geared toward RULERSHIP AND GOVERNANCE. I

The SATANIC AGE shall be the return of the BEASTS OF PREY – the day in which the emaciated corpse of Nosferatu rises from it's primeval catacombs – the day when plagues and rats run rampant throughout the Beverly Hills mansions once inhabited by the erroneous 'American elite' – a class of people who have long since perished, their radiation-poisoned cadavers piled

wily-nily on the 'highways' which are now infested by barbarians and astral beings of WALKING DEATH.

Have you enjoyed your internal visions thus far in the reading of this article? We certainly hope so, because, as has been scientifically proven: words and images in actuality effect biological change in the make-up of the human brain. Thus we, those adherents within the pristine halls of the immaculate Tempel ov Blood, are purposefully inserting certain subliminal 'key-words' and phrases inside of this article to intrude and disrupt the consciousness of you, the reader. We trust that you will respond to them in the desired manner in due course!

America is ripe for the coming of the cruel emperors and empresses 'OF THE BLOOD'. Consciously or unconsciously, the American people wait, with baited breath, for the return of those who have no name from the gates far beyond the stars, where no human life can dwell. A popular colloquialism in the United States is: 'The train is leaving the station, are you aboard?'. Have you hopped aboard the train of coming darkness and SATAN REIGNING TRIUMPHANT? We certainly hope so, for if not, not even the annals of history shall mention the memory of your person – for such a memory will not exist in a world where much more pressing concerns are in the minds of all – such as BASIC SURVIVAL, GLORY, HORROR and the AFTERMATH OF A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST.

Already the American infrastructure is descending at a rapid pace towards the level of the animalistic. In such an atmosphere in which decadence and enervation reigns supreme, in an atmosphere when the genuine intelligentsia are regularly

branded as 'terrorists' and mental midgets are glorified as societal role-models, this my friends (or enemies) is the atmosphere in which the dedicated cadres of ALIENIC INHUMANE CONQUERERS can enter in and, without 'a shot being fired' (perhaps an inherently deceptive statement on our part), gain TOTAL CONTROL of ALL THAT IS, ALL THAT WAS and ALL THAT SHALL BE.

Victory through infiltration. Victory through infiltration. Have we gotten your attention yet? I certainly hope so. America and Americans are without a doubt, the most arrogant people on the face of the planet. Europe endures plagues, famine, revolutions and wars and because of such, possess a certain sort of sadness and resignation to fate because of such. Despite the corpulent, desk-ridden pseudo-academics who attempt to argue otherwise, grand 'Europa' has, in fact, long since been irrelevant in every respect.

In contrast, America breeds plagues within our laboratories, executes trade embargos, executes CIA 'black projects' to train natives to foment revolutions in foreign countries and start wars for fun and profit. America indeed, is a different sort of land. Already because of America's happy rebelliousness and moral absence the country and it's ethos has been branded as 'sin city' and 'Mystery Babylon' respectively (among other colorful descriptives.)

Shall we count the ways in which America is ripe for a total psychic pogrom? Shall we contemplate the many reasons why it is inevitable that the astrals of the mass of this nasty nation's inhabitants shall be forcibly 'excommunicated' or 'vacated with extreme prejudice' by nine-fold (ORDER OF NINE ANGELS)

thirteen-fold astral (CLAN DEATH XXX) clans of UNCOOL, UNCARING, UNDEAD who shall then proceed to 'reanimate' the flesh thereof? Let the Scandinavians grasp for their long-lost 'sickle' among their peace missions and universal good will - the nexions of the Aeons to come are much more readily felt on the soil of that nation hated among all nations who operates under the flag of red, white and blue.

I for one shall not be the individual to spell these consequences out to your person, for I have already intimated at what is inevitably to come and you yourself can consider and meditate in darkness upon that which has been spoken in this communication. And this is the message to the adherents of the Sinister Path inhabiting the United States of America: Study carefully the history of 'evil' in your own country, experience the highs and the lows of the 'American experience' and gain insight according to the precepts of Satanic/vampiric metamorphosis as promulgated by Tempel ov Blood.

Control over man is all.

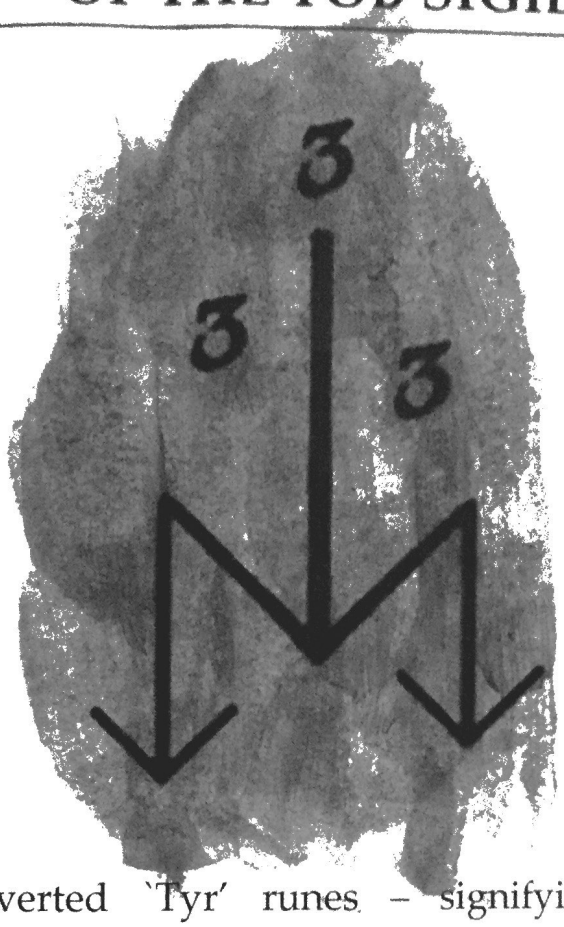
Control is yours to take.

Control is won by lying, intimidating....

Control....Control....Control.

Czar Azag-Kala
Hinterlands Nexion
2003 Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

ANALYSIS OF THE RUNIC SYMBOLISM OF THE TOB SIGIL



1.) Three inverted 'Tyr' runes – signifying Lawlessness, Destruction and Anti-Justice. Blasphemous to Tyr – the old god of justice, law and order. While seemingly self-evident, the import of this significance should not be mechanically approached, however, as many who operate seemingly under the guise of 'lawlessness' do so in a way that forever relegates them to the status of 'civilian', their aversion to 'order' stagnating all potential courses of action in impotence and their avoidance of 'justice' and 'law' keeping them, by a very modern, juvenile-style self-conception, far away indeed from the positions where real influence can be had.

For those who are conscientious about their study of TOB literature and resultant application of the same, it can be seen

even from a cursory outside vantage point that discipline is key – far in contradiction to the elementary approach to 'lawlessness' which is the banner which many (supposedly) operate under as it relates to the sinister at this point in time and those 'fifth column' movements who have attempted to claim succesorship to physical-based training, replacing it with endless searches for obscure ingredients á la Rennaisance-era 'Black Arts.'

In most cases, the 'lawlessness' of such is in name only or petty at best, relating to a continued attachment to the trappings of the neonate phase which allows them to be 'anti-authority' but not to become a new, terrifying 'authority' unto themselves and to those who fall under their dictatorial heel (or those who join with them, as a horde of disciplined co-conspirators, to bring in new and devastating forms.)

If we analyze historic events such as the Russian revolution, we can see that out from the bloodshed, lawlessness and chaos of revolution, the oftentimes criminals (such as Stalin) worked hand-in-hand with individuals whose status was oftentimes much more murky in clear identification (such as Lenin, who was under the employ of the German secret police.) Their destruction of the old law and order was consciously done to replace it with dictatorship; their dismantling of the Okhrana leading to the formation of the CHEKA; their inducement of the entire populace and landmass into the bloodshed and CHAOS of revolution and civil war only to form a regime so authoritarian and iron-clad that its existence shook the security of the world for decades.

It should be taken to heart that that which is categorized as 'extra-legal'; often involving 'black ops', 'black sites', 'wet work' and other euphemisms that indicate 'evil' in law (i.e. 'going beyond due measure') or more commonly referred to as 'secrecy in law' put those that have embraced authoritarian measures into transference into that which is quintessentially totalitarian in nature – thus taking 'law' to the absolute horrid ZENITH of its capability and from that, effecting a transformation into something altogether different.

Thus, for all those weak-willed products of titularly 'democratic' societies who rail against the status quo and in fact, by their emotive responses and actions, uphold what at base equates to liberalism (even while 'stamping their left foot' and espousing 'lawlessness'), those who have imbibed the spirit of 'old justice' thrice inverted as exhibited in the TOB crest will, by intuition, know that lawlessness as dictated by our organization intimates the decimation of OLD LAW and OLD ORDER in order to rise, like a phoenix, into the ultra-violent NEW LAW of the future. Those who are unable, by psychological defect and failure to program, to act as instruments of REPRESSION will in fact never realistically be able to avail themselves as agents of OPPRESSION during the coming of the FINAL HARVEST. This type of hindrance (which is quite correctable, for those with the wherewithal for self-criticism and self-correction) should be avoided by serious adherents at all costs.

2) Three 'Isa' runes – the ice rune which represents the Germanic cosmological abode NIFLHEIMR – the land of Darkness, cold, mist and fog. According to Germanic lore, for mortal beings to reach NIFLHEIMR and/or HEL (both

destinations which are intricately entwined in an inherent manner), one must, by necessity, be capable of 'lowering vibrational levels' to a severely enduring degree in order to pass through the gates leading to these respective destinations, which bans passage to humans except in extraordinary circumstances (namely causal death, stasis brought on by madness i.e. a psycho-physical 'catatonic state', or in the alternate, destiny for post-death torture by the wrathful beings and custodians of the hellish planetary systems themselves.)

Noting the differential in paradigms for the aspiring Noctulian in reference to the examples so mentioned, this specified 'lowering of vibrational levels' is indicative of the state of UNDEATH which can be obtained by those who pursue the pathways of TOB with unabashed ruthlessness and fanatical resolve. Isa represents, in complimentary fashion to the above-referenced, the `monomaniacal' singular focused will – the fanaticism and severe one-pointedness which is an absolute prerequisite to force oneself through continual initiatory crises that arise in our path.

This rune can indicate (as per its elemental properties) 'paralysis' which can be utilized in a weaponized manner (upon victims and enemies) – one example of the proactive utilization of such can be found in the pastimes of the Indian subcontinental tantric goddess BAGLAMUKHI i.e. 'The Paralyzer.' In this regard, Kvedulf Gundarsson states in his seminal work, 'Teutonic Magic' as to the properties of Isa that '...it can be used in workings of woe to bring about barrenness, to interfere with prosperity, and to cause depression and lack of the will to act... isa is the rune of binding. It can be used to set battle-fetter and cause paralyzing fear and obsession; it works

to prevent or halt movement, both that of growth and that of disintegration.' Such properties – in a self-destructive (for the neonate) and as a self-cleansing purgative (for the blood pool), which may affect those neonates and initiates who waver in their resolve toward pursuing the transhuman Noctulian status, or who prove incompatible to the currents of the blood pool, may result in stagnation, indolence and waste.

As the blood essence of a dying opfer drips away, negating future activity that could have been sustained by the life-force and thus indicative of the most blasphemous zenith of misappropriation of energy, the 'paralysis' is also indicative of the paralysis which ensues prior to the draining of blood-essence of the victim in the act of vampiric feeding by the Undead administrators of the blood family – this incestuous type of ultra-violent reciprocation which can indeed lead, for the duly fanatical, to ultimate transformation and breakthrough into the Noctulian state.

For the weak and those harboring only token commitment, however, this paralysis of contact with the blood pool in communion can and will act as the 'carrion call' for those whose training, rather than effecting psycho-physical transfiguration into the Noctulian state, will result in the production of a 'walking opfer' whose very existence, whilst continuing to act in certain capacities set by the will of the blood pool, will also act as an omen, sign and warning for those who might enter the currents of the TOB unaware, providing an indicator of the fate that awaits those who are ill-prepared for the rigours which await them.

3.) Six inverted `Laguz' runes – the power/element of water. Reversed, these runes signify the chaotic, evil aspects of water. Organic growth gone askew – the creation of abominations.

Whereas the flowing, fresh waters of the rivers and stream signify that which is clean and life-giving in quintessence, the stagant waters of the inversed laguz rune represent that which is unclean (vampiric) and is quintessentially VENOM rather than nectar. Instead of the roaring waves of the oceanic expanse, it is the inauspicious and sour froth lingering threateningly on the shore, filled with the remnants of death. For the TOB, the six inverted laguz runes represent 'becoming the poison of god' as well as the transfigurative blood-essence received from incestuous blood feeding within the familial 'chain of terror' and the properties of the blood pool itself.

In a more undifferentiated sense, the laguz rune also represents the primal waters of chaos which lay at the lowest point of the material universe, beneath the hellish planetary systems. It is upon these turbulent waters of chaos that the primal cobra, known by the names SESA-NAGA and ANANTADEVA, possessing thousands of serpentine hoods rests in premeditation of his participation in the final ultimate conflagaration. As the penultimate 'Dies Irae' of cosmic destruction arrives at the end of the kalpa, it is these waters of chaos that will rise as a flooding tide, bearing the thousand-headed serpent whose mouths will open belching forth fire and burning the cosmos on tides of genocide and dissolution.

The stagnant pool of brackish water can be compared to the vampiric alembic of the harsh alchemical change process in which the vampire will effect unholy transformation in order to

eventually emerge as the NOCTULIAN BLOOD BEAST, drawing nefariously to its alembic of practice, as does the still pool attract blood-sucking insects and other foul creatures, multitudes of low, horrific spirits within the modes of darkness – contact with said spirits which produce the type of 'radioactive effect' upon the psyche and act as an assist to the brutal conditioning necessary for eventual arrival at the desired destination.

In the ancient land of RAWANA (monarch of all demons) there is a deity worshiped known as KATERI AMMAN – she is a dual deity in that her summoning can either summon KATERI AMMAN (translating to 'VAMPIRE AMMAN' or 'VAMPIRE MOTHER') or KATERI in the singular; the latter being an insanity-inducing witch trapped between dimensions, apparently 'ready' to assist in acts of murder and black arts but as capricious as the human sacrificial bogs of the ancient Germanic people, the enactors of such human sacrifices which oftentimes were themselves unaware victims of the trecherous bleak waters of the stagnant pools into which their victims were offered. In the latter entity (KATERI) we see a direct parallel with BUDSTURGA, said definition which should be set into the consciousness of all TOB adherents IN GRANITE and indicative of the custodian of this elemental aspect of our organizational crest. AGIOS O BUDSTURGA.

THE COMING OF VINDEX

Introduction:

At the time of this writing, that being, the sinister year 114yf (Year of the Fuhrer) EH (Era Horrificus) and known in the Roman calendar by 2003 Anno Domini, the civilization of the West is declining at a rapid rate. This Aeon is coming to a close via natural cause, however, the fall is being agitated and the aeonic forces distorted by the Magian forces who are embodied in the term 'the white lodge' (versus the 'black lodge' of Sinister Neonates, Initiates, Adepts, Masters and Lady Masters, and Grand Masters). Being knowledgeable that the energies of the West are on the wane, the Magians have sought to capitalize on the situation (as is not uncommon) by distorting the Western energies and also by executing and influx of energies congruent to their own purposes.

The results of the Magian influence can be seen the world over, very prominent in Western Europe and pre-eminent in America and Canada especially. As sites such as Stonehenge and Babylon were esoteric strongholds for particular groups of magickians working towards specific aeonic goals in times of yore we now see places such as New York City, Los Angeles and London being utilized by primarily Magian forces who are working for their own very specific aeonic outcomes.

Logically, such Magian strongholds are being and have been targeted both esoterically and exoterically by individuals and groups which are at odds with the Magian program. Some of these individuals and groups, such as Muslim extremists, are

under the influence of an older, stagnant ethos which is threatened by the Magian powers and also is in sum, antithetical to the kind of program the White Lodge seeks to see realized. The variety of cultural minorities and specific aeonic cults that wish to see the downfall of the White Lodge and the Magian plans thwarted are many. Not all of them (and to be truthful, most of them do not) work towards aims themselves which could be viewed as in similitude with what is being sought by the various Sinister groups spread across the globe. However, by seeking the breakdown of the infrastructures associated with Magian power they are being quintessentially defiant and aiding in the dismantling of certain institutions which impede a proper Imperium followed by a Galactic Aeon of sorts which has been premeditated by groups such as the Order of Nine Angles out of Shropshire, England.

Certain of these groups formations, especially those that are native to the West (a European example would be National Socialism, and American example would be the state's rights movements and the neo-secessionists) possess in themselves factors which are benevolent towards the Sinister strategy of a real, physical manifestation of Vindex – an event which will be a prelude to Imperium and a new Aeon which would flow from the (then) past Western Aeon. Such factions should be targeted and manipulated by Sinister Adepts as well as aided and subtly subverted towards Sinister purpose by Sinister Path Initiates.

Even those groups which are not possessing pro-Sinister qualities but are at war with Magian forces should be aided in a way that they will hasten the downfall of the White Lodge, effectively being used by those of the Sinister Path as a sort of

'exoteric battering ram' against institutions that impede the Aeonic outcomes which we seek. After goals relating to their use have been completed, such groupings can be termed expendable and dismantled or properly subverted towards any number of programs according to the acting will of the Sinister Path adherent so involved.

The 'coming of Vindex' which is described by Grand Master Anton Long of the Order of Nine Angles as the arrival of a 'person of destiny' who will possess the needed skills and abilities to mount a considerable offensive against forces that are detrimental to the Sinister Dialectic and rally forces which will invoke future, Sinister energies is not an uncommon theme. Such is virtually the same as the 'arrival of the warrior Christ' in Aryanism influenced Christian cults (He comes, his vesture dripped in blood with a sword in hand, riding upon a white horse, flanked by celestial starships to cleanse the earth planet of anti-evolutionary Jewish forces and their willing lackeys) or the 'incarnation of Kalki' as told in the Vedic mythos (a warrior figure, similar to the above mentioned 'warrior Christ'). Such archetypes can be manipulated within their respective cults in order to, more and more, make attributes of their archetype equal to that of Vindex.

Likewise, a Vindex-type figure within the primitive sub-cultural Devil Worship cults can be seen in the figure of 'the Antichrist'. This 'Antichrist' is the leader of darkness, the incarnate of Satan's will on earth, a man of destiny, who is born into a physical body and rises to power in order to utterly wipe out the forces of Christianity and (Magian) Messianic hopes – establishing a new Satanic Order upon the earth planet. In that sense, both 'Christ' and 'the Antichrist'' are forms which can be

manipulated by Sinister adherents to anticipate the arrival of *Vindex*.

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THE SINISTER PATH, FRAUDS, AND FAILURES

The Sinister Path, also known as Traditional Satanism, as explicated preeminently by the manuscripts of the Order of the Nine Angles, is, in essence, relatively straight-forward. Unfortunately, this directness has been obfuscated by the pseudo-intellectual ramblings of a growing host of peripheral individuals who have taken it upon themselves to, via their 'profuse revelations' regarding the Sinister Path and 'voluminous catalogue works' regarding the same (not to mention 'free advice'), become the semi-official interpreters of what it means to lead a genuinely Satanic life.

Where an adherent is lacking, there they will excuse; where a task is difficult, there they will offer substitute. Where a non-negotiable ordeal is proscribed, there they will endeavor to divert, in the name of 'modernity' and 'progress', what little flicker of legitimate Satanic elan is present in the curious party into harmless pursuits which lie far indeed from the provenance of those who have committed and indeed sacrificed for the forthcoming manifestation of the Dark Gods on this earth planet.

Being fraudulent and self-deceptive unto their own persons in their fringe attraction and 'adherence' to the Sinister, they will attempt, via 'virtual ministrations', 'guidance', 'counsel' and 'works' to also defraud and deceive those whom, in their perhaps relative innocence, might, in the presence of increased

insight, see through the verbiage of these self-admitted 'authorities' and see that those individuals are, in themselves, the very dictionary description of the sort of dross that deserves culling from this earth planet in order to force collective progress into a new and terrifying era.

These elements, responsible for misguiding a new generation of potential would-be Neonates, Initiates, Adepts; Master and Lady Masters, and indeed, Grand Masters; are in fact either the witting or unwitting 'fifth column' within the 'Sinister' – they are effectively counter-revolutionaries, baldy subversive via their own actions (or lack thereof) to the Sinister Path itself. Without the White Lodge having to lift a finger, they (the frauds) do their work for them by lowering the bar in all respects.

Their enthusiastic support of such erroneous ideations as 'Sinister solidarity' are nothing more than the introduction and subsequent propping up of propaganda-driven barriers to psychologically strait-jacket the discerning from seeking legitimate remedies and corrective measures (including purge and repression) to what amounts to a wholesale selling-out of the Sinister.

Each new 'exclusive', 'limited edition', 'vanity volume' of endlessly published and re-published volumes of ONA works via various websites and mercantile profit-driven entities is not indicative of one more person who will be pursuing the Sinister Path with vehement resolve. Rather, it represents triple (or more) of that amount who will parrot the pathetic and degenerate behavioral patterns of this faulty, 'merchant' leadership. This trend has gone hand-in-hand with the influx of

modern 'Black Metal' types within ONA circles who have gladly exchanged the burning church, the prison sentence and the cold blade of their forebears for the chest-beating and vain-glorious posturing, driven by consumerist and compensatory mentalities, of their modern contemporaries.

Both the 'Black Metal' types and the titular 'ONA' 'authorities' are both based upon co-opting the deeds, legacy and history and real-world action of formative individuals; not as serious representation for emulation but rather as an undeserved associative assist, a cheap prop to their own underwhelming track record. In lieu of that inherent lack of Satanic insight they have lost the path – misunderstanding that the genuinely Satanic position is not to retroactively glorify the deeds of yore but rather to take upon themselves the burden of responsibility and thus make a firm and grim resolution not only to match, but excel, the deeds of those who have gone before.

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SEQUITOR VICTORIA FORTEIS

Sequitor Victoria Forteis is a Latin motto which means victory follows the brave. History has always been made by brave men seeking glory. The advent of the Kali Yuga though, has caused man to become complacent and mediocre.

Throughout history frontline fighters have always determined the fate of the world. Charging enemy lines with the sword and the rifle. With a determined will they changed the world far quicker than men who choose words over action.

In the Bhagavad Gita KRSNA describes what victory and personal honor are when he states to Arjuna: 'O son of Kunti, either you will be killed on the battlefield and attain the heavenly planets, or you will conquer and enjoy the earthly kingdom. Therefore, get up with determination and fight. Do though fight for the sake of fighting, without considering happiness or distress, loss or gain, victory or defeat-and by doing so you shall never incur sin.'

A soldier seeking glories destiny is to rise above himself to become something greater. A man of the battlefield is a man who has stopped being human, rising so far above himself he has left the death of flesh for immortality. He will forever be remembered by his fellow soldiers. This type of man is capable of bringing about Aeonic change. A man possessed of these qualities seeks a spiritual life over that of a material life. Material items are all fleeting. Friends come and go, housing arrangements change, material possessions are sold and

replaced, all that is needed is internal. An honorable man knows a happy life is not possible, that most of his life is built upon sorrow. This does not sway him, glory is the ultimate pursuit.

H.R. Ellis Davidson describes the mindset of a warrior in the Norse world when he states:

> 'Men knew that the gods whom they served could not give them freedom from danger and calamity, and they did not demand that they should. We find in the myths no sense of bitterness at the harshness and unfairness of life, but rather a spirit of heroic resignation. Humanity is born to trouble, but courage, adventure, and the wonders of life are matters for thankfulness, to be enjoyed while life is still granted to us. The great gifts of the Gods were readiness to face the world as it was. The luck that sustains men in tight places, and the opportunity to win that glory which alone can survive death.'

Ernst Junger in his book 'on Pain,' goes further in saying,' There are apparently attitudes that enable man to become detached from the realms of life where pain reigns as absolute master. This detachment emerges wherever man is able to treat the space through which he experiences pain, i.e., the body as an object. Of course, this presupposes a command center, which regards the body as a distant outpost that can be deployed and sacrificed in battle. Henceforth, all measures are designed to master pain, not to avoid it. The heroic and cultic world presents an entirely different relation to pain than does the world of sensitivity. While in the latter, as we saw, it is a matter of marginalizing pain and sheltering life from it, in the

former the point is to integrate pain and organize life in such a way that one is always armed against it. Here, too, pain always plays a significant, but no doubt opposite, role. This is because life strives incessantly to stay in contact with pain. Indeed, discipline means nothing other than this, whether it is of priestly-ascetic kind directed toward abnegation or of the warlike-heroic kind directed toward hardening oneself like steel.'

Victory in other words comes only with the complete resignation of the material body to combat. Fighting with no thought of self preservation. The Jihadist understands this concept well. Mastering pain and the physique of the body are all part of the struggle for victory whether in this world or the next.

When the time comes, will you be standing atop the highest pyramid of skulls, or will your skull be used as a kapala for someone of nobler blood than yourself?

- Commissar Tyrannous; Tempel ov Blood

ODE TO THE PREDATOR

There are only two types of species in this world, predator and prey, master and slave. Human beings are not at the top of the food chain, the Vampyric predator is. A predator serves only one role, to rule. While his prey's destiny is to serve. Most never realize they are predators, they go about their day not even aware that they seek to control and manipulate others. Their fragile ego protects their conscious mind of the brutal truth. The Vampyre recognizes who and what he is, a predator of man. A true predator is a sadist, finding great pleasure in his work.

Take away a man's controls, his children, his wife, his job, he becomes a murderer. Strip away the taboos of taking life and harming others, he will indulge until his heart's desire. What is one of the first things a man will do after being lost in the wilderness? He will find shelter, then go out and kill for food.

Nothing compares to the black rage of a man. The rage that causes a man's vision to go black and upon the reviving of consciousness finds himself standing over a bloodied corpse. You can feel it coming when your breathing increases, the tendons in your hands tighten, your chest tightens, hot blood rises to the surface, time slows down, you feel the blackness rising up, your chakras light up like an electrical conductor and black tendrils crawl out of your chakras affecting the surrounding area. Then the final moment approaches. The predator takes over and all you can do is watch yourself in horror at the monster you have become. Your mind will fall

into the blackness of ecstasy. Upon waking you will be convinced it was all a dream.

It's said that rape is not about lust, but about power and control. Our desire to murder comes from the pure fact that we are predators. Our rage has been building up over the years. As Rudra was created in a pure moment of Rage by Brahma, so do we find ourselves dowsing our rage to prevent out molecules from exploding. Many would mark us as insane. Insanity is only a word for how far one is willing to go to accomplish one's goals.

As one suffers from homicidal ideation and possessive levels of rage. The realization begins to emerge that the transformation is almost complete. That the greatest sport comes from hunting humans down like game. That we are the monsters in fairy tales. Unleash the predator inside of yourself and you will find that all things are possible.

Tread carefully, Choronzon is waiting for you.

- Commissar Tyrannous; Tempel ov Blood

TAKING THE OFFENSIVE

An amusing disclaimer I often see when reading through various Magick orders manuscripts is the refrainment of using Magick to kill or harm one's enemies. Often times being of the Satanic paradigm. This is rather ironic as it is RESTRAINING the individual to enact his will. If someone becomes an obstacle in your ascent, do not hesitate to exterminate them. Kill for your friends, kill for your loved ones, kill for the sake of killing. This is a bothersome trend of safe Satanism. The individual wants to play black Magickian, but doesn't have the fortitude to become a warlord. The Church of Satan wants to have their black masses that oppose iPods, to them this is sinister. They safely 'rebel,' against society. A truly sinister black mass would be to glorify Saddam Hussein. What is Magick if not used in part to bring change? Only unbridled hedonism. These groups only live in the here and now, not for all time.

We are soldiers, there is no escaping that fact. Soldiers in the traditional sense and soldiers in a different sort. We are spiritual warriors, we have an unholy cause to bring an end to mankind. We are not fighting to preserve nations or governments. We are fighting to return our Gods, to become as them. We are soldiers in a traditional sense, because this type of result will not be brought about without combat. Taking the offensive is the only noble thing to do. Goebbels declared to the German people when they were being invaded, 'hate is our prayer, revenge our battle cry.' The stench of an inferior species cannot be tolerated anymore. The only solution to a sick society is annihilation.

I would recommend studying military books, specifically analysis's that have studied weaknesses in the way the United States fights it's wars. The way in which the Viet Cong fought should be studied. One of my personal favorites is The Tiger's Way. The author reveals weaknesses in western tactics. I would also recommend a book by the title of Balefire. This book was a favorite of David Lane. It outlines the way in which one man tore an American city apart. Books on escape and evasion should be studied. The ways of ninjutsu can be studied for escaping urban environments, while military manuals will detail leaving no traces in wooded environments. Books on military leadership should also be studied, there are books available that allow you to make decisions as a leader that will determine the course of your platoon. If you make poor decisions your platoon will be wiped out later in the book. It is very much a game, but an insightful one. Often times National Socialist or other revolutionary factions will offer guerrilla manuals that prove valuable reading material. They will provide you with ways of avoiding ballistic forensics, and being able to detect police investigations. I recommend Siege by James Mason and The National Socialist Political Soldiers handbook by Combat 18.

I often hear, especially from the White Power scene that we must wait until the system collapses to act. That we should hunker down in mountain retreats with wood stoves, generators, guns, and bullets. Why wait when the pickings are so good? The society in which we live in allows our enemies to operate in the open. They say and do whatever they want, and they get away with it. A military maneuver would quickly knock out any stronghold. The world must be brought to its knees and shot in the back of the head. Action is the only way.

Doing so in the guise of terrorism will prove very beneficial. I would read the novel Hunter by Andrew Macdonald. The book outlines how one man disguised acts of terrorism as a feud between Israelis and Muslims.

Intelligence gathering is very important. A rather amusing way to find out who is living according to Magian principles would be to graffiti or leaflet hateful material in a community or city. Watch and listen for who complains the loudest about leaflets that state 12 million Jews were not exterminated by Germans, or that non-whites must be subjugated to a cleansing. These individuals must be immolated to our Gods. If you are keen you will notice a lot of these individuals will be a part of Jehovah's, 'chosen people.' A whole city may be opfered this way. If evolutionary ideals are disseminated and fought intensely by anti-evolutionary groups with no back lash from the local population, it becomes quite obvious that the population is living in such a way that is counter evolutionary. If you move through society dressed as a commoner you will reap much more intelligence than you would walking around as a soldier. Watch the counter culture groups, watch the cliques. What are people doing, what is changing. Spring up groups that oppose common values. Think of the uprising of skinheads in the 60's. They appeared as a rebellion against hippie culture. Spring up a group that advocates masculinity, discipline, fighting, others will notice and follow.

You will need to train your body for combat. The most necessary aspect to building your body is building a strong core. Doing as many curl-ups, pull-ups, and push-ups as possible is the best way to develop endurance and the core. Doing push-ups with your knuckles on asphalt will strengthen

your knuckles and strikes. You can utilize tiger kung fu by striking a hard surface with your fingertips. This will create micro fractures in your bones that once healed will be stronger. You will eventually reach a point where you can rip open a man's wind pipe with your fingers. Running with a pack full of bricks over rough terrain provides a harsh way of building endurance. Eventually jerry cans filled with water or weights can be carried with the run. The entire body can be toughened through iron body training. Buy a sack and a bottle of Dit Da Jow. Fill the sack full of mung beans and strike the sack several hundred times with each hand. Rub the Dit Da Jow onto your hands before doing so. Dit Da Jow is a herbal concoction for Iron Palm training. Strike the sack of mung beans for three to six months. Those of the Satanic class will no doubt shorten this time. A word of caution must be issued, rushing this type of exercise may result in killing your nerves. Be harsh but take your time. After this time has passed replace the mung beans with gravel, then proceed with steel shot. Eventually a point will be reached where bricks can be broken with the hands. The same exercise can be performed on the body by smacking the surface of the body will a tubular sack. To develop a strong grip gather flat mountain stone and use one hand to drop and pinch the stone with one hand. Various exercises can be done by slightly tossing the stone and catching it. Anything that makes it awkward. The stone must be smooth to make it more difficult. Large rocks can also be used for lifting along with sewer grates. Kettle bells also work very well for endurance. Hand to hand combat not martial arts should be studied. Martial arts often take many years to be able to perform one move, while hand to hand combat is generally taught to military personal it's meant to be taught quickly. Krav Maga, Systema Spetsnaz, and the Marine Corps hand to hand combat

styles should be studied and practiced. Knife and firearms disarming, knife strikes, proper falling techniques, blocking and avoiding strikes, and breaking grips should be practiced over and over until they become muscle memory instead of conscious thought. Certain cliché moves should be avoided. Do not punch, use palm strikes. Palm strikes can penetrate the eye socket where a punch can't. Punching the face of an enemy can cut your knuckles and if your enemy has a disease you may become infected if the mouth, eyes, or nose were struck. Tucking all of your fingers in with the palm strike protects fingers from becoming fractured, broken or sprained during an attack. A quick surprise kick to the groin and as the enemy bends forward a temple strike with the palm will quickly kill an enemy. Become as an assassin.

There are tools of the trade that a Satanic individual should consider. A .22 caliber pistol with silencer makes an excellent assassination firearm. One of the most useful firearms would be an AR-15. If the receiver is purchased unbeknownst to the authorities different barrel lengths and even different calibers can be purchased without having to register them. The construction of prison type shanks should be studied. A taser and restraints should be acquired for kidnappings. Methods of torture should be studied. Theatre of Hell by Haha Lung provides a good read. Most individuals when confronted by a tray full of tools and surgical instruments will provide the most undesirable of information concerning their lives. If an individual resists you a hammer can be used to break toes and fingers, or tools to tear off nails. Electro shock can be employed by attaching cables to the genitals, nipples, or ears. The most important psychological tool against a subject is to make them believe they will survive the incident, that the pain will end

when they answer your questions. If they lose hope of life, their minds go limp.

Other practical tools are a good pair of gloves, preferably ones with hard knuckles, flames resistance, slash proof, and keeping your fingers as free as possible to perform tasks with them on. A good military pack with frame and chest straps should be acquired for carrying material. A good clean pair of steel toe military boots should be purchased. Ones that could be worn with suit pants without raising suspicion. Carrying inconspicuous items on you such as a ratchet or wrench can be used for striking the temple of an enemy. Providing an instant kill. A Maglite is one of the most useful devices. It's more of an offensive weapon than a flashlight. A Maglite can shatter windows and bones.

Police tactics need to be examined. First police interrogation and questioning techniques. The easiest defense against police questioning is to not say a word. If an officer approaches you or asks questions immediately ask 'am I under arrest?' If not walk away. If you are weigh your options. The decision of going in for questioning or ending the officers life must be made. If the decision to go in for questioning is made, simply state 'I have nothing to say, I want a lawyer.' If you have been careful with your 'crimes,' then they will have nothing on you and they will try and keep you for 24 hours. Almost all individuals will incriminate themselves. The police will use whatever clever way of information gathering they can. Crime solving techniques must be studied. Studying the Gates of Janus by Ian Brady is one of the best books available on the subject. If the police have no DNA samples, hair samples, fingerprints, witnesses, tracks, or motive they have nothing.

Always wear latex gloves, be mindful of hair on the body, and be mindful of shoe prints, and tire prints. Never hunt in your area, 'accidental,' deaths are best. Lay down plastic if a body needs to be transported to a dump or burn area. Constantly changing one's modus operandi will offset police investigations. A businessman could be stabbed or shot with a 9mm with his wallet stolen, to present a mugging gone awry. The police then will most likely be searching for a desperate nigger. Keep things low key. These type of murders would most likely not even make the papers. Never leave a trademark. Become unprofilable. Do not act as a cliché serial killer, most serial killers have psychological addictions that make them kill. They are weak in the mind. If shock and fear is sought, search for societies sacred cows.

The most potent force of all is the force that dwells within you. Your will. Use sinister Magick to affect your surroundings. Vanquish your enemies, snatch up the man or woman you've set your eyes upon, bring yourself power. Use acasual energy to saturate your enemies dwellings. An example of this would be to create an entity through blood and sigil and seal it into a container. Infiltrate a church, you'll find that most modern churches have acoustical ceilings somewhere in the building. When no one is looking lift up a tile and place your container up in the ceiling and replace the tile. It will sit there and fester, saturating the church in sinister energy. Go out into cemeteries and perform Dark God invocations, the possibilities are endless. Coordinate points explored on a map that once selected will essentially surround a city and create an intoxicating amount of sinister energy can be explored. If these methods are mixed with direct action mentioned above, the world will be yours.

We need charismatic individuals, individuals with charm. The type others will follow to their deaths. Be ambitious, reel in the best to surround you. Gain the attention of the opposite sex, show them what to desire. Strike like a hammer smashing an anvil, strike with lightning, strike deep. Do not take pin pricks, take the heart of your enemies. Become more extreme, more violent, and more terrifying than those around you. Take the world as yours, go forth destroy and create. That is the essence of power.

- Commissar Tyrannous; Tempel ov Blood

JIHADIST MEDITATION

Commissar Tyrannous; Tempel ov Blood

As soldiers of the sinister way we are Holy Warriors. Jihadists in the name of Satan. We may receive death at any time. This meditation is intended to prepare your mind for death. If one is willing to give out death one must be able to accept death. No quarter will be given. Find yourself a piece of white cloth you can tie around your head as a head band. Drench the material in an animal you have hunted, this can be done easily with the secret tasks of initiation of the seven fold way. Once it has dried mark the front of the material with the following sigils:

The sigils bear the first line of the Diabolus chant.

Dies Irae, Dies Illa

Kneel before your altar. Upon your altar should be placed a red and black candle, your quartz crystal, a dagger, a chalice filled with blood or wine, and burning incense of Mars and Saturn. As you are kneeling tie the head band around your head. Silence your mind and focus on your breathing. Know that death surrounds you and that you must accept it. You cannot fear death. You must face your death with dignity. Now begin to chant the Diabolus:

Dies Irae, Dies Illa
Solvet Saeclum in Favilla
Teste Satan cum Sibylla

Quantos Tremor Est Futurus
Quando Vindex est Venturus
Cuncta Stricte Discussurus
Dies Irae, Dies Illa!

Now begin to see the world on fire. Cities turned to rubble. The streets drowned in blood. You can hear screams and the sound of gunfire. The sky is black. You approach a street corner where bodies are stacked in a pile. You can see a black vapor rising up from the bodies. The essence rises skywards to the Dark Gods as a sacrifice for them to return to our planet. You see men stringing up men and women to lamp posts and street signs bearing placards on their chests that say 'I have shown cowardice in the face of the enemy,' or 'traitor.' You see the bodies of priests and rabbis lifeless hanging from various posts. Smile at this. Know that your efforts are not in vain that the day of wrath is coming and we will have our revenge. You may wander the city you have transported to and see what you might discover. When you are ready, open your eyes slowly take a deep breath and say it is done, exhale and leave the area. This meditation can be done before sleeping every night as a focusing point for yourself.

Live by the sword, die by the sword!

BLACK MASS OF JIHAD

Participants:

Master of the Temple: black shalwar kameez, black balaclava, white parade gloves, Hamas or Hezbollah headband

Mistress: black burka

Congregation-black military fatigues, black balaclava

Temple Preparations:

Altar is covered with a black cloth. A black candle is placed to the left of the altar. A red to the right. A framed picture of Mohammad Amin al-Husayni is placed above the altar. A black banner bearing the black sun is placed above the photo. A crystal tetrahedron is placed on the center of the altar towards the back. A chalice of blood is placed on the center of the altar towards the front. Incense of Mars is to be burnt.

The Aim:

The aim of this mass is to extol courage and defiance in its rawest emanations. To provoke sinister and wrathful energies. Performing this ritual will mark its participants as terrorists, thus presenting itself as truly dangerous.

The Mass:

The congregants wait in silence in the temple at attention.

The Master enters with an AK-47 with a blank firing adapter, the Mistress follows. Both stand before the altar and raise their right arms out with a fist and shout Jihad Akbar!

The Master:

Hail to you, children of the great holy war
Congregants:

Hail the holy war!

Mistress:

Why do we stand here?

Congregants:

To extol war! To honor those who have defied the Magian with their lives! To honor Mohammad Amin al-Husayni, who defied the Jews. To honor him for uniting all Aryans and siding with the Holy Third Reich. To defy the Jewish controlled governments of the world and their interests. To make the world aware that the Jews bear no claim to Israel and that the only home they deserve are in mass graves. Their bodies used as fertilizer for the new!

Master:

Mohammad Amin al-Husayni stated, 'Kill the Jews wherever you find them. This pleases God, history, and religion. This saves your honor. God is with you. 'He was sent by our Gods to disrupt the Magian. Let us now remember him and honor

those who give their lives every day to defy the Jews and their foot soldiers.

(A fitting Jihad Nasheed is played in the background, the Master then takes the chalice and places his right hand above the chalice and infuses the blood with dark energy while chanting the Diabolus)

Mistress:

(raises her fist out and shouts *Jihad Akbar*!)

Congregation:
Jihad Akbar!

Master:

(After several exclamations he places the chalice back onto the altar and turns to face the congregants. He then brandishes his AK 47 and fires off one round after the congregants have shouted Jihad Akbar. The whole procession will go on as long as needed.)

Mistress:

Jihad Akbar!

Congregants:

Jihad Akbar!

Master:

(Fires one round into the air.)

Mistress:

I who am Mistress of the Earth welcome you, who have defied the Magian and the modern world. A world that knows no honor or courage. You have broken from their world and replaced their values with a heroic ethos!

Master:

(Turns to face the black sun banner and vibrates Agios O Vindex.)

Mistress:

(Lifts her veil and goes up to each congregant lifting their balaclava to kiss them. She states to each, glory is yours to behold. She then moves to the altar and takes the chalice in her hands.)

By our love of glory and change we take this drink in honor of our wrathful Gods who will return one day.

Master:

(The Master points to the black sun.)

Behold the symbol of the black sun! A most ancient and sinister energy source of our race! One day the black sun will rise and awaken the primordial instincts of our race to action. Like a

hidden nebulous star is sends forth it's emanations to this planet.

Mistress:

(Sips the wine.)

Let us affirm our faith and our destiny!

Master:

You have affirmed your faith, but with faith comes action. Will you answer this call and bring the Jihad to all corners of this planet? If your blood is noble seal your faith with your honor, and let us drink to our Dark Gods!

(Each member then takes a sip from the chalice beginning with the Mistress and ending with the Master.)

Mistress:

To believe is easy, to defy is hard, but most difficult of all is to die fighting for a noble cause. Go now and remember those who came before you and hold honor for those of us who still retain life on this planet. Our numbers are few, but we are vicious. Victory will be ours! *Jihad Akbar*!

- Commissar Tyrannous; Tempel ov Blood

It came from Nazi Germany,
A dangerous little chemical weapon,
Sarin, Sarin!
If you inhale the mysterious vapor,
You will fall with bloody vomit from your mouth.
Sarin, Sarin, Sarin,
The chemical weapon.
Song of Sarin, the brave.

In the peaceful night of Matsumoto city,
People can be killed, even with our own hands,
Everywhere there are dead bodies.
There! Inhale Sarin, Sarin,
Prepare Sarin! Prepare Sarin!
Immediately poison gas weapons will fill the place.
Spray! Spray! Sarin, the brave Sarin.

- Aum Supreme Truth

There is a monster that slumbers in this world. A weapon of mass destruction. A devil of the most vile substances known to man. Samael the lord of poison. We too can become as our Gods and unleash a plague upon this world never seen before. The children's song sung about the Black Plague will never compare to the scourge we can unleash. Easily manufactured and ready in large doses millions can be murdered. To acquire the materials needed for Nuclear devices would be difficult even for a Black Ops unit to pull off. The materials we need

though are in every grocery store, in every science lab that can be broken into, in the animals and insects we can hunt and kill, and in the plants we can forage.

There are two series of nerve gases, G and V. The G series of gases were mostly used during the first world war. This series consists of Tabun, Sarin, Soman, and Cyclosarin. The V series consists of VE, VG, VM, VR, and VX gas. These are mostly used as area denial weapons. The lethal dose of VX gas estimated for humans through skin contact is only 10 milligrams. There are fourth generation chemical weapons that may be five to eight times more potent than VX gas. They are known as Novichok agents. They are a secret biological weapons program of Russia. Fourth generation gases have been designed to be undetectable to standard NATO detection equipment, defeat NATO chemical suits, and are safer to handle.

The deadliest chemical agents that can be manufactured by an agent of the Kali Yuga are Hydrogen Cyanide or Prussic Acid, Chlorine Gas, Cyanide, and Ricin. Chlorine Gas is made from bleach and ammonia. Both items are found in every grocery store. Ricin is made from castor beans. Ricin is so toxic that less than a milligram will kill a person several times over. The amount is so small that a toxicology report will not detect it. If a target ingests it, the cause of death will remain unknown. One of the most advantageous aspects of Ricin is that is takes two to three weeks to kill a victim, giving the assassin the time to disappear. A cyanide capsule can be made in severe cases of emergency, opfering oneself to Satan. Prussic acid is so deadly it killed its own founder. Prussic Acid is most deadly when aerosolized. A group that should be studied is Aum Shinrikyo they were responsible for the 1995 Sarin attack in Tokyo Japan.

They tried using Prussic Acid in a terrorist attack by creating a device that was placed in a bathroom stall and leaked the vapors into the ventilation system. Unfortunately the attack was stopped before it killed anyone, but it had the potential to kill 20,000.

There are other poisons such as insecticides. There are three deadly insecticides such as Dichlorvus, Malathion, and Parathion. They all have lethal doses, but of course will show up in a toxicology report.

Basic knock out chemicals and plants can be used to render humans unconscious. Ketamine and Rohypnol. Belladonna can be placed in drinks in varying amounts. Belladonna is flavorless, odorless, and can knock a human being out for 10min-12hrs depending on dose. It leaves the body in only six to eight hours therefore it becomes undetectable. It only takes about five to ten minutes to take effect. An aerosol made of Morphine/procaine knocks out a person in half a second, an opioid antagonist has to be administered as soon as possible or the or person will die.

Manuals on how to create these weapons can easily be found by searching the internet. Basic science skills need to be acquired. A proper gas mask, chemical suit, over boots, gloves, and lab equipment need to be stolen or bought. An area needs to be prepared to manufacture these weapons. Transportation and deployment needs to be planned out. With careful planning, the time and effort it takes to kill one person can be used to kill hundreds of thousands to millions.

Commissar Tyrannous; Tempel ov Blood

VIGILANTE JUSTICE

'He shall be removed by the posse to the most populated intersection of streets in the township and at high noon hung by the neck, the body remaining until sundown as an example to those who would subvert the law.'

-Posse Commititus

There exists a situation in the United States with a lot of sinister potential. The political arena of opposing political parties. The recent passing of overtly socialist bills has further alienated a vast amount of so called conservatives and constitutional Americans from those in power. Creating a feeling of weariness and paranoia. Unfortunately those on the right are not advocating violence. Perhaps an agitator on the right could evoke memories of the forefathers watering the tree of liberty with the blood of tyrants. What's needed is fire to the powder keg. If a riot were started at one of the so called tea party rallies it could be fanned to cause further duress or to cause a crack down on conservatives. With their backs against the wall, perhaps they will finally start shooting.

There are various angles that could be used in this situation. The vast majority of the liberal Marxists in power are either blacks or Jews. Thus having potential for igniting Racial hatred. Groups such as Posse Commititus or Christian Identity draw a lot of their politics from traditional conservative Christian views, thus are more 'acceptable.' These groups also draw heavily on apocalyptic end time scenarios, which is where the true sinister potential comes out. Bloodshed.

The creation of vigilante or common law courts to combat Zog and its forces in power has a lot of sinister potential in this scenario. The noose still evokes the terror it did 100 years ago. A sinister agent involved or the creator of such a group could offer a target as a gift for the prince. This type of action is not discretionary warfare, the operator will have to take in to consideration that this will take precedence over many matters for homeland security.

Vigilante justice can extend itself to many matters. The film 'M' by Fritz Lang makes light of this. A pedophile killer is kidnapped and taken to a basement where men are there to pass justice unto him. The leader of the group states 'this man must be snuffed out like a candle, this man must be wiped out, eliminated.' The group replies with applause, perfect that's what I was thinking. The O.N.A's MSS on sacrifice also makes light of this matter, individuals who are sacrificed are those who will not be missed. Furthermore one of the most sinister targets of this time would be to target interracial couples. This type of action would receive an insurmountable amount of back lash from the media and 'equality,' groups. Christian Identity religious doctrine has this to say: 'If a woman approaches any beast and lies with it, you shall kill the woman and the beast, they shall be put to death.'

This type of action has the potential to spread like wild fire. It's quite certain that a fair amount of American's hold nostalgia for the tar and feather days. The so called Texas way of taking care of troubles. With the proper amount of success and media coverage of pedophiles, rapists, turn coats, and self seeking

politicians falling prey to justice courts, has the potential to excite the imaginations of some.

Vigilante justice has the potential of attracting other groups such as racist pagans. Evoking images of our tribal ancestors seeking out inter tribal justice. Runes used to be carved into trees where an individual was hung and sacrificed to the God of Death, Wotan.

This type of action is very prevalent in gang culture. If one were of non-European descent one could infiltrate gangs like MS13 or the Crips. Bloodshed is boundless in these groups and would serve a Sinister agent exponentially.

Ultimately the knowledge gained from such acts is truly sinister. The sinister knowledge of how to choose targets and to pass judgment unto them. Choosing who is living their lives in a way which is anti-evolutionary and ending their lives swiftly. Acting as a God would. If one acts as God enough times, one will become as God.

- Commissar Tyrannous; Tempel ov Blood

NIGHT OF SATAN

Gwydion made an exit from his older model automobile, stretched lazily, then shut the door (without bothering to lock.) Above him stretched the pale blue of oncoming twilight, before him loomed a rather nondescript but indulging (after a fashion) structure which could not be mistaken for anything but a modern shopping mall. As if to prove this point, Gwydion's senses perked appreciably as the smell of cotton-candy perfume and the sound of youthful chittering caused him to turn and investigate.

Three modern maidens of the freshmen variety passed Gwydion without so much as a glance at him or his less-than-impressive vehicle. Their moon-like faces sparkled with glitter and oddly colored lip-gloss, and Gwydion paused to drink of their blood essence.

Turning away, he sighed, and continued on toward his intended destination with scenes of the girls he had passed suffering various tortures in remote Wallachian castles playing happily in his mind's eye.

The mall, on a typical Friday night in a typical American suburb, was suffuse with life. The destination of many a domesticated youth, the scene was occasionally spiced with a smattering of older twenty-somethings (the latter were often viewed as very thrilling and 'dangerous' by the former) who would stop off for a beginning-of-the-weekend stroll before proceeding to late-night reveries of fast food, gluttonous drug use and sex (not particularly of in that order.) For any self-

proclaimed 'Living Vampire' (what to mention de facto adolescent?) in the suburbs, this was the place to go for a bit of feeding and a chance to 'keep one's finger on the pulse of things', as was good to do so on occasion.

Two squires of the senior variety and one maid of the sophomore variety strolled towards the hero of our story. The males of the small band were dressed in ridiculously oversized blue jeans, backwards hats, and tent-like sports jerseys bearing gaudily embroidered infinity loops. The female was attired as... a slut (let's be frank, shall we?)

As the trio drew closer, they mumbled something then laughed dramatically. Whether their 'acting out' was intended as a jibe against Gwydion or whether they were simply behaving as humans often do, we will let remain a mystery, however Gwydion, as befitting his perceptual idiosyncrasies, viewed it as the former.

In his mind's eye he visualized a black, dripping tendril extending out from his body and into the female. Floating black shapes surround the girl as Gwydion fingers the small bag of goofer dust in his pocket end.

The 'wigger princess' grabs her stomach and begins retching softly. Just then the eyes of one of the human chattel meet the peering orbs of Gwydion, as if with a look, he could petition the perpetrator to help alleviate what was fast becoming a strange and rather embarrassing situation.

Gwydion smiled, made the sign of the horns and quietly muttered the name 'Pazuzu' before walking off toward the center court.

As he gracefully strolled onwards, he heard the distinctive sound of vomit hitting buffed marble somewhere back in the distance, and his smile grew into an outright obscene and lecherous grin.

With portents such as this so early in the evening, surely the night spread out before him like a great black canvas would prove to be an auspicious one indeed!

Past the record store, around the bend and into the coffee shop Gwydion strolled; the staccato report of his out-of-fashion hobnailed boots lost in the din of low white-noise that typified his environs. Once into the partially-shielded coffee shop, the sounds grew less caustic and were replaced by the low but furtive conversations of self-styled 'academe' and the soft sound of generic instrumental 'muzak.'

Gwydion marched up to the counter.

'Give me a Mocha raspberry, large please.'

'Certainly,' replied the college-aged girl with horn-rimmed glasses and a slightly 'granola' appearance.

'Thank you very much.'

Having obtained his beverage (as Gwydion learned before long ago that, for youth, the proof that one had spent at least some

money during one's visit to the mall greatly reduced the chances of being a target of the unpalatable surveillance by the resident security force), Gwydion walked into the 'food court' area, taking a remote table close to the exit.

Gwydion fidgeted with the soft leather satchel he had carried from his car, but refrained from opening it and rifling through his various manuscripts. After all, in keeping with his decorum, this was a shopping center cafeteria - not a library!

He sat, sipping his coffee occasionally, scanning the crowd for the person he was scheduled to rendezvous with and feeding upon the vibrancy of the humanity strewn out-and-about the mall. Despite the fact that he was energized (he had travelled in the astral the night before, feeding deeply on a particularly delicious victim), as well he should be, he found strangely that his thirst was not slaked.

His thoughts were interrupted, with an abrupt sighting of what seemed to be a monarch butterfly, perched on the marquis of one of the food shops. His concentration, as it were, had been broken.

Damn! Surely I need more power - what secrets are not being revealed to me in the manuscripts? Thought Gwydion sourly.

As if to answer that question, a figure suddenly stood before him - as if he had simply materialized on the spot.

'Hello, I am Jonathan Hubbur.'

Gwydion rose form his seat.

'Vampiric Greetings, brother.'

As two good-natured fellows often do, the pair shook hands briefly. Gwydion could not but to feel a dark elation at the man's touch, as energy gleaned from that brief physical contact was similar to the feeling that Gwydion had felt when kneeling before graves in the cemetery. Perhaps this Mr. Hubbur was what he claimed to be after all!

Jonathan had contacted Gwydion to start with - a response to an advertisement on the internet for Gwydion's fledgling temple. The temple was, as might be surmised, of the vampiric sort. Although it boasted a half-dozen members scattered across various parts of the world, the core (that is, those individuals who knew and worked with Gwydion in person) was composed of only a few persons.

Yet, the fanaticism of Gwydion projected a powerful glamour upon those who came into contact with him - and his temple's reputation was an intimation of an order possessing genuine darkness.

Gwydion quickly made an assessment of Jonathan.

He was quite a bit older than himself, perhaps more than a decade. Also, the look of the man's garb and the man himself was unfamiliar to Gwydion. Hubbur was an American, no doubt, but either he was very well travelled or from a completely obscure part of the country (perhaps both!)

As such, thought Gwydion, to the most brutal degree must I myself exemplify my loyalty to the Undead Gods before this stranger!

The pair sat, engaging in a bit of small talk at first as the throbbing shoppers continued in their Friday night pastimes all around them.

Gwydion opened his leather case, removing a photocopied and stapled document of some thirty pages in length. The title of the manuscript was printed in a strange, obscure typeface; beneath it, an image showing a castle with a demon leering out from one of the parapets.

'Here, Jonathan, is the manuscript you requested!'

Hubbur deftly plucked out a ten dollar bill with one hand and slid it across the table, while sliding the manuscript towards himself with the other hand.

Gwydion pocketed the cash, then swept his hand grandiosely out toward the crowd.

'Behold - the humans - our slaves.'

Jonathan raised an eyebrow.

'You are a pompous child!'

Gwydion glared - such an insult was far beyond anything he had ever had.

'Stop what you are thinking child, be silent!'

Gwydion, as if compelled, dropped his hand, staring forward.

Jonathan raked his rather long and yellow fingernails across the cover of the manuscript.

'Gwydion, or should I use your Christian name, Thomas? Do not misunderstand me. We are pleased with your work, very pleased, in fact. If it had not been so, we would have never contacted you and came so far to see you - although we have visited you many times before - through that old mirror of yours! Do you understand?'

Gwydion nodded, in a state of dark and pleasurable shock.

'You plead in the night for genuine darkness - real world evil. You call out to the Backwards Darkness for the Undead to come unto you. Do you truly want these things Thomas, or are your words mere affectation?'

Gwydion was roused, leaning over the table towards Jonathan and speaking in a harsh whisper.

'I am fanatical in my pursuit of the blood, dear sir! I am a vampire, a walking demon of Lord Sathanas! I bleed for Lord Sathanas to bring the Undead upon the earth once again!'

To illustrate, Gwydion pulled up the sleeve of his long-sleeve black shirt, revealing a neat row of self-inflicted razor cuts.

Jonathan nodded his head approvingly.

'So it seems, Gwydion, so it seems.'

He put his own hand over Gwydion's own.

The gesture created a surge of anxiety in Gwydion. He seemed to feel the eyes of others upon him and Jonathan. What would they think? Under this, he could feel his blood current being drained into Jonathan, the older man's spirit and will dominating his own.

Jonathan removed his hand silently, then stared across at his victim, gazing squarely into his eyes.

'If you are serious Gwydion, you will come with me now.'

Before he knew it, Gwydion was walking the length of the mall, toward the far exit to the back of the parking lot. Something that felt like shame and even fear flooded Gwydion, he blushed heavily.

He was used to being the dominator, submitting to none! Yes, there were the communions in three in the morning within his bedroom that served as his private temple, but even that, he thought, was within his comfort zone.

Out of the building now, into the parking lot full of modern cars, glowing under the sodium lights.

Jonathan removed his keys and gestured toward the most remote section of the parking lot.

'My car is over there.'

Another minute or so, and Gwydion sat in the passenger side of a recent model luxury sedan with leather seats.

Jonathan turned the key, and the engine came to life, purring softly.

There was no sound in the car except the background music, which seemed to be some sort of chanting layered over new-age sounding music. This too was disquieting for Gwydion, whose ears were accustomed to searing black metal played at high decibels.

Both men were silent as they drove under the cover of mid-evening darkness.

Gwydion's stomach rolled uneasily.

They turned onto an entrance ramp, merging onto the northbound interstate highway.

A chill seemed to descend as Gwydion's home and domain moved farther and farther and farther behind him in the deepening night.

Dark, monotonous, nocturnal landscapes came and went. Morbid and sinister and seemingly all the same. Second growth pine forests bordering the four-lane freeway blocked out all sight of the civilized world that lay beyond their green expanse.

Gwydion's trepidation did not grow less - but the night, the hypnotic routine of the road and the strange music on the stereo all combined to put him into a trance-like, acausal frame of mind.

Onto an exit ramp bearing a legend of an area he had never heard of, off the freeway and onto a near deserted country road surrounded by gaping wilderness. How long had they been driving?

'We're almost there, Gwydion!'

Jonathan's face was pasty white and sweating coldly. His face contorted into a sadistic grin as he turned, casting a glance at Gwydion before returning his eyes to the road.

Jonathan's hand snaked across the gearshift and began stroking Gwydion's thigh, as if to sooth him.

Gwydion felt bile rise in his gorge. What have I gotten myself into? Just what in the world have I gotten myself into?

Gwydion's body was afflicted with a disquieting paralysis and he stared, listless and afraid, out at the dark sky and the stands of pine.

They made a turn at a long since abandoned barn, then several miles deeper into the country.

Gwydion thought he saw a hooded figure watching their progress, from the cloak of trees, then a disc-shaped object floating in the cold sky.

Soon they turned into a driveway, the property concealed behind a barrier of natural design.

Jonathan turned the key and the car stopped smoothly in front of a steel building that, for Gwydion, exuded an aura of eldritch menace.

The pair exited the vehicle.

They by-passed the garage doors and came to a service entrance.

Jonathan inserted a key, pulled the door open, and bade Gwydion to enter.

Gwydion's judgement played out an internal war in his head - a battle between his emerging, shadow self and his remaining vulnerable humanity.

But, one by one, he took slow, halting steps toward the open door, as Jonathan looked on, his emotions masked behind a sinister stare.

They were inside, the door closed and locked behind them. The building was large, lit only by yellowed and dusty lanterns.

There was movement in the shadows.

Near a shadowed corner, Gwydion was bidden to sit, on a soft bed of old yet comfortable throw-pillows which had been scattered deep atop the cement floor.

Jonathan retreated to another part of the enclosed area then returned, bearing a milk-like beverage for his guest.

'Drink Gwydion, drink to the glory of the Undead Gods beyond the gate of Saturn!'

Gwydion obeyed, slurping thirstily the entire chalice in nearly a single draught.

Unbeknownst to Gwydion, the drink had been heavily laced with a liquid version of a hallucinogenic substance.

Time and space began to take on strange proportions. Gwydion saw shapes form and dissolve before his eyes. Somewhere, music was playing. Not music like he had heard in Jonathan's car, but blatantly dark, apocalyptic, militaristic soundscapes that set his teeth on edge.

Demons crept toward him out of the darkness, groping him, sibilating bizarre names that intensified the sense of dread and darkness that hung thickly in the air.

One of them had the body of a man, but his face was a mass of dripping, red intestines.

He remembered several people stripping him nude, draping a swastika flag over his body, and laughing.

For awhile, the demons ceased to appear.

A girl came to him out of the dark; caressing him, soothing his fears.

'There, there my child.'

Her voice was like a thousand voices speaking in unison.

He began to calm, mesmerized by the creamy hue of her skin, which seemed to pulse with the acausal. But soon, she too had disappeared and in her place came rough hands; probing and violating his body. He felt himself being lifted, spread and chained onto a cold, metal apparatus. Then, the cruel, biting lash of a whip bringing pain beyond any he had ever known before.

How long he screamed.

The sounds of his pleading for mercy and relief were cut through by a high, metallic voice which seemed to penetrate into his very mind, even as the whip continued to tear at his raw flesh.

'Can you tell us boy, what it is that the soil cries for?'

Lash. Lash. Lash.

Scream. Scream. Scream.

'That is - what makes the grass grow?'

He felt himself being raped with a cold, dead object.

Gwydion began to cry.

'Answer us, boy!'

All the demons assembled began to scream the question in unison.

'ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER... ANSWER!!!'

A figure in a black cloak, face obscured by corpse-paint, stood before him. He drew and object across his own wrist, and the crimson, crimson claret began to flow, dripping upon Gwydion's face.

Gwydion's mind seemed to shatter like glass, spreading into a million directions.

His hysterical weeping and screaming began to cease as a hoarse cry issued forth from his innermost self:

'BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD!!!'

The robed figure shoved the bleeding wound into Gwydion's mouth and the neonate suckled at the fount of the Abyss, imbibing, as it were, the elixir of Qlipoth.

Silence fell, and all was black.

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EPILOGUE

COME AS THE DESTROYER, FOR THUS YOU WILL SOW

In a conversation between Allen Ginsberg and Srila Prabhupada, Prabhupada describes the nature of KRSNA as the avatar of Kalki:

Allen Ginsberg: Now, what is Kalki's nature?

Prabhupada: Kalki's nature, that is described in *Bhagavata*. He will come just like a prince, royal dress with sword, and on horseback, simply killing, no preaching. All rascals killed. No more preaching. (laughing) That is the last. There will be no brain to understand what is God.'

This image of KRSNA should create a contrast to previous conceptions of a youthful, blissful, blue skinned boy. Know that therein lies a true monster. With this in mind let us examine the *Bhagavad Gita: As It Is*, by Srila Prabhupada. Starting with chapter 11 text 25 continuing onto 33, Arjuna writes:

'O Lord of lords, O refuge of the worlds, please be gracious to me. I cannot keep my balance seeing thus Your blazing deathlike faces and awful teeth. In all directions I am bewildered. All sons of the Dhrtarastra, along with their allied kings, and Bhisma, Drona, Karna-and our chief soldiers also-are rushing into your fearful mouths. And some I see trapped with heads smashed between Your teeth. As the many waves of the rivers flow into the ocean, so do all these great warriors enter blazing into Your mouths. I see all people rushing full

speed into Your mouths, as moths dash destruction in a blazing fire. O Visnu, I see You devouring all people from all sides with Your flaming mouths. Covering all the universe with Your effulgence, You are manifest with terrible, scorching rays. O Lord of lords, so fierce of form, please tell me Who you are. I offer my obeisances unto You; please be gracious to me. You are the primal Lord. I want to know about You, for I do not know what Your mission is. The Supreme Personality of Godhead said: Time I am, the great destroyer of the worlds, and I have come to destroy all people. With the exception of you, all the soldiers on both sides will be slain. Therefore get up. Prepare to fight and win glory. Conquer your enemies and enjoy a flourishing kingdom. They are already put to death by My arrangement, and you, O Savyasaci, can be but an instrument in the fight.'

The fourth and sixth avatars represent further violent and wrathful forms of Visnu. Lord Narasimhadeva being the fourth avatar is known as the, 'man-lion.' In this form he disembowels the demon Hiranyakashipu, for trying to murder Visnu's devotee Prahlada. Parashurama or the, 'axe wielder' is the sixth avatar of Visnu. This avatar is infamous for circling the world twenty one times to murder and filled five lakes with blood. KRSNA would certainly constitute as a Yama, or death god.

Another example of a Destroyer in the Vedas is Visnu's greatest devotee Shiva, or Rudra as he was originally known. When Brahma was creating the universe, his sons angered him. In that twitch of rage a child of red and blue color sprung forth from his third eye. The boy after emerging asked of his father what he should be named, to which Brahma replied 'Rudra.' Brahma designated a living space and wives for Rudra. Rudra

went on to create offspring of the same furious nature as his own. Brahma became afraid of the children Rudra created. Brahma stated, 'O best among the demigods, there is no need for you to generate living entities of this nature. They have begun to devastate everything on all sides with the fiery flames from their eyes, and they have attacked me.' Rudra's generation was a direct threat to the universe, they went on to be abominations in the eyes of Bramha and even threatened the existence of Rudra himself. Rudra in his fiery form wanted to burn the universe, but was commanded to wait. So he sits in meditation staving off his rage with alcohol. Until the moment he can open his third eye and bring the universe to a fiery end.

Being a devotee of Visnu gives oneself the backing of a powerful murderer. As exampled Visnu murdered a demon trying to kill one of his devotees, he explained to Arjuna that he need only place his faith in Visnu and fight. In the end Visnu would utterly destroy all of his enemies. As agents of the sinister dialect this type of protection and pact is invaluable. The message is clear though go out into the world and fight, subvert, destroy, and manipulate, and both sides will be destroyed. And you will stand victorious.

- Commissar Tyrannous; Tempel ov Blood

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For those who desire to work with the TOB, or seek guidance, a TOB representative can be contacted at nightmover@hush.com. As has been said, if you think you are tough enough now, you will be rudely awakened. Serious inquiries only.

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be contacted a
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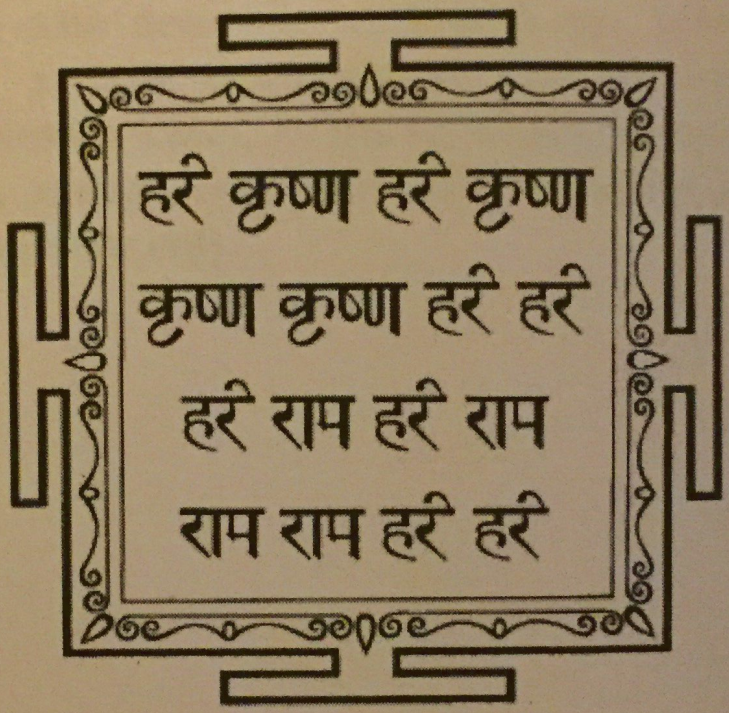
rudely awakened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The Tempel ov Blood exists as a Nexion to the Dark Gods, as well as a guidance and filtration system for aspiring Noctulians. Known widely as an esoteric society that employs the most forbidden practices, it remains a secret society.

In celebration of its first decade, the Tempel now releases certain of its teachings to the public. This authorized volume contains secret practices which the Tempel ov Blood wishes to be studied and used, in hopes of reaching those few adepts who are willing to go beyond all limits – in search of a truly demonic awakening.

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